





Philos. Mus.
A

NEW COLLECTION
O F
P O E M S
O N

Several Occasions.

B Y

Mr. PRIOR, and Others.

Adorned with CURS.



L O N D O N:

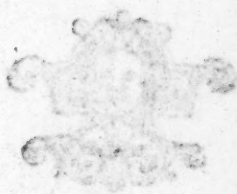
Printed for THO. OSBORNE, in *Gray's-Inn*,
near the *Walks*, MDCCXXV.

NEW COLLECTION
OF
POEMS



Mr. Prior, and Others

Adorned with Verse



LONDON

Printed by T. O. in Great Britain.



T O

Sir HENRY HUSSEY, *Bart.*

IT will certainly be allowed, *SIR*, by all who have the happiness of Your Acquaintance, that I do as much Justice to the Memory of Mr. PRIOR, by inscribing to You these his REMAINS, as I should have done Injury to the Public by concealing them.

THE Tender I hereby make, will I hope, be the more acceptable, as You sometimes divert a Solitary Hour in the same agreeable Amusement; and I likewise hope, that Your Own Productions will One Day convince both the empty *Fop*, and the cavilling *Critic*, that the *Gentleman*, and the *Poet* are inseparable Companions.

DEDICATION.

MAY every *Idea* You form, be pleasing, and may every *Action* of Your Life meet the just Reward of true Honour, Generosity, and Friendship, (Virtues which tho' seldom found, are fully possessed by You,) is the Sincere wish of Honoured SIR,

Your most Obligated,

Most Obedient,

and most Devoted

Humble Servant,

PHILO-MUSIS.



SOME
MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE
OF THE
AUTHOR.



ATTHEW PRIOR,
was the Son of Mr. George
Prior, Citizen of London;
who Dying while he was
very Young, left him to the
Care of an Uncle, which proved Pater-
nal, as Mr. PRIOR through the whole
course

2 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

course of his LIFE always acknowledged with the greatest Gratitude.

HE was bred at *Westminster-School*, where he endeavoured to obtain, and increase, the Noble Genius peculiar to that Place. He was thence removed to *St. JOHN'S-College*, in *Cambridge*; of which Society, soon after He had taken the Degree of Batchelour of ARTS, he was made Fellow; and retained the same Honour to the Day of his Death. He wrote several Copies of Verses when very Young, as appears by the First, in his Printed Poems †. In the Reign of King *James the Second*, jointly with Mr. *Mountague*, late Earl of *Halifax*, he wrote Remarks upon Mr. *Dryden's Hind and Panther*. *

U P O N

† Anno 1688.

* The *Hind* and the *Panther*, transversed to the Story of the *Country-Mouse* and the *City-Mouse*, viz.

The HIND and the PANTHER.

A Milk-white *Hind*, Immortal and Unchang'd,
Fed on the Lawns, and in the Forest rang'd;
Without Unspotted, Innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for She knew no Sin.

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 3

UPON the *Revolution*, He was brought to Court by the late Earl of *Dorset*, that great Patron of all Polite Learning, by whom from his Infancy he was beloved and encouraged; and as he grew up to Manhood, had a great share in his Intimacy and Friendship. Under this Noble Lord's Patronage He first entered into Publick Business, and was made Secretary to their Majesties King WILLIAM and Queen MARY, at the Congress at the *Hague*, in the Year 1690, the late Earl of *Berkeley* being their Majesties Plenipotentiary there. He was thence appointed Secretary of the Embassy to the present Earl of *Pembroke*, the late Earl of *Fersey*, and Sir *Joseph Williamson*, Ambassadors at the PEACE of *Reswick*, where many Memorials relating to that Treaty were drawn up by Him: He was like-

B 2

wife

Transvers'd.

A Milk-white *Mouse*, Immortal and Unchang'd,
Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;
Without Unspotted, Innocent within,
She fear'd no Danger, for She knew no Ginn.

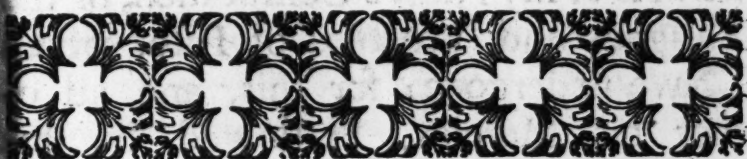
4 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

wife Secretary to the Two succeeding Embassies in *France*; Those, of the late Earls of *Portland* and *Fersey*.

HE was Secretary of State in the Kingdom of *Ireland*; then One of the *Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations*; and by her late Majesty made One of the *Commissioners of the Customs*, and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary-Minister in *France* in the Year 1711. So that going into *Publick Business* very Young, and having continued therein for Seven and Twenty Years, his *Poetry* (to use his own Words in his Preface to his Poems) *was only the Product of his leisure Hours, who had commonly Business enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident.*



of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 3



A True COPY of

Mr. PRIOR'S

L A S T

Will and Testament:

Drawn up by Himself.

E' Registro Curie Prerogativæ Cantuarien' Extract.



T has pleased ALMIGHTY
GOD, for some Years past,
to bless me, his most un-
worthy Creature, with a
greater share of Health
than I could have expected from the Ten-
derness

6 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

derness of my Native Constitution, or the Fatigues and Troubles of Life, which I have undergone; for this, and all other his Mercies, Hallowed be his Name, for ever, and ever. Let Men and Angels repeat the sound, Hallowed be his Name! Now before Sickness of Body, or Infirmary of Age prevent, or diminish the Force of my Understanding, or Memory, I make, and declare this my last *Will* and *Testament*.

I MATTHEW PRIOR, of the Parish of St. Margaret-Westminster, thanking the Right Honourable the Lord HARLEY for his eminent and continual Friendship to me, and trusting that he will have the same Concern for my Memory after Death, as he had for my Honour whilst Alive, and that he will take the same Care of my surviving Friends hereafter mentioned in this my *Will*, as he did of my own proper Interest; and having for many Years experienced the Faith, Honesty, and Ability of Mr. *Adrian Drif*,

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 7

Drift, my Secretary whilst I was in *Publick Employments*, and my Friend and Companion in Private Life: I intreat the said Lord HARLEY, and ordain the said *Adrian Drift* to be the Executors of this my *Will*. And thus I give and bequeath unto EDWARD Lord HARLEY, and *Adrian Drift* all my Goods, and Chattels, Plate, Jewels, Medals, and Debts, and all other my Personal Estate whatsoever; to them, I say, their Heirs, Executors, and Assigns, in trust only and for the Uses hereafter specified, and the Benefit of the Persons hereafter mentioned.

It is my *Will*, that I be Buried privately in *Westminster-Abbey*, and that after my Debts and Funeral Charges are paid, a Monument be erected to my Memory, whereon may be expressed the *Publick Employments* I have bore; the INSCRIPTION I desire may be made by Dr. *Robert Freind*, and the *Busto* expressed in Marble by *Coriveaux*, placed on the Monument: For this last piece of *Human Vanity*, I *Will*,

8 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

that the Sum of Five Hundred Pounds be set aside.

To the *College* of St. *JOHN* the *Evangelist* in *Cambridge*, I leave such and so many of my Books, as shall be judged to amount unto the Value of Two Hundred Pounds: These Books with my own POEMS in the greatest Paper, to be kept in the Library, together with the Books which I have already given. I likewise leave my own PICTURE, Painted by *Le Belle*, and that of my Friend and Patron *Edward* Earl of *Jersey*, by *Rigault*.

I leave to my Lord HARLEY, the *Busto* of *FLORA*, made by *Girardon*, and six *Pictures* out of my Collection, such as he shall chuse: The rest of my *Pictures*, *Medals*, *Drawings*, *Stamps*, and *Maps*, to be Appraised by Two Persons who may be thought to understand their Value, and my Lord HARLEY to have the Preference, in Case he pleases to purchase any Part, or Parcel thereof; and after his Pleasure

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 9
sure therein specified, I *Will*, that the
Residue be Sold. The *Picture* of
Queen *Elizabeth*, by *Portus*, I leave
to the Honourable and Excellent Lady
Harriette Harley, and my own
Picture in Enamail to her dear Daugh-
ter *Margarette*.

ALL my *Manuscripts*, *Negotiations*,
Commissions, and all *Papers*
whatsoever, whether of my *Publick*
Employments, or *Private Studies*, I
leave to my Lord HARLEY, and Mr.
Adrian Drift, my Executors, or ei-
ther of them, having first burned such as
may not be proper for any future In-
spection.

WHEREAS, the Estate of *Down-Hall*,
in *Essex*, of which I am, and stand at
present Possessed, is at my Death to
revert to my Lord HARLEY, and to
his Heirs, according to the Purport and
Intent of certain Writings, drawn up
by Mr. *Oliver Martin*, of the *Mid-*
dle-Temple, I Declare, that the said
Estate does, and ought accordingly to
revert to my Lord HARLEY, and his
B 5 Heirs,

10 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

Heirs, least from any want of Words in those Writings, or from any Failure, or Expression omitted, in the Form of the Writings, the least Doubt, or Inquietude may arise to my Lord HARLEY. I mention this, though at the same time I believe it to be superfluous.

I *Will*, and *Desire*, that the Sum of One Thousand Pounds be set apart in favour, and to the Use of Mrs. *Elizabeth Cox*, and that an Annuity, or Rent-Charge be purchased with the said Sum, to be paid by half-Yearly Payments to the said *Elizabeth Cox*, during her Natural Life; but I would have the said Thousand Pounds, *i. e.* the Annuity to be purchased with that Sum, to be paid solely to her Order, in half-Yearly Payments as aforesaid, and not to be in the Disposal, or at the Power of any Husband which she may Marry: And as my Lord HARLEY will be juster towards all with whom he Deals, and kinder to my Friends, than any Man whom I leave behind me in the World, I beg that he will
be

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 11

be pleased to grant to the said *Elizabeth Cox* such Annuity, leaving the Sum to be determined by his Appointment, and Pleasure.

I leave to Mr. *Adrian Drift* the Sum of One Thousand Pounds, to be employed and disposed of, at his Discretion, hoping that his Industry and Management will be such, that he will not embezzle or decrease the same.

I leave to Mrs. *Anne Durham* the Sum of Three Hundred Pounds, to be paid within one Year of my Decease, and by her, to be employed for the enlargement of her Stock, and the Support of that Trade, and Calling, wherein I have already placed her, and in which I wish her Prosperity.

I Remit to my dear Friend, and old Companion, *Richard Shelton*, Esq; all Bonds, Notes, or Obligations, by which he stands any way indebted to me: And I leave to his Son *George Shelton*, the Sum of Three Hundred Pounds

12 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

Pounds in such manner, as that he may receive Fifty Pounds *per Annum*, for Six Years, in order to Maintain him during that Time, at the University; or to help him in any Trade, or Employment, as his Father may judge proper.

I leave to my well-beloved, and dear Cousin, *Katherine Harrison*, the Sum of One Hundred Pounds, with which she will please to buy Mourning.

I leave to my Servants, Each, one Year's Wages, and Mourning, and to *John Oeman*, or *Nezeman*, the Sum of Fifty Pounds, over and above such Wages.

I likewise leave the Sum of Fifty Pounds, over and above such Wages, to *Jane Ansley*.

AND in Case this shall (as I reckon it will) amount to more than will pay and satisfy my Debts, and Legacies already given, I leave the rest
and

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 13

may
for and residue to Mr. *Adrian Drift*,
him and Mrs. *Elizabeth Cox*, abovementioned,
sity; tioned, to be equally divided between
or them.
udge

dear
Sum
nich
one
to
um
uch
fty
es,
on
will
e-
est
nd

THUS, wishing Health, Honour,
and Happiness to dear Lord HARLEY,
and his Family; and to all my Friends
in general, *Peace on Earth, and Good-
will towards Men*; I recommend my
Soul and Body to the Eternal and
Ever-Blessed GOD, who gave me my
Being:)

*Deus es instaure Plasma Tuum, **

THIS *Will* written with my own
Hand, I Sign and Seal the Ninth of
August, Anno Dom. 1721.

M. PRIOR.

i. e. Thou art God, restore thy Own Creature.

C

Signed,

14 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

Signed, Sealed, and Declared to be
the Last *Will* and *Testament* of
MATTHEW PRIOR, in the Presence
of Us who saw him Seal, and Sub-
scribe the same,

Witness,

James Gibbs.

William Thomas.

J. Worlock. .

PROBatum Londini Coram ve-
nerabili viro Berney Branth-
wayte Legum Doctore & Surro-
gato Decimo Nono Die Mensis
Septembris, Anno Dom. 1721.
Furamento Adriani Drift, *Unius*
Execut' in dicto Testamento
nominat' : Cui Commissa fuit Ad-
ministratio omnium & Singulo-
rum Bonorum *Fur'* & *Creditor'*
dicti def'ti de bene & fideli' Ad-
ministrando eadem ad Sancta
Dei Evangelia Furat' : Reser-
vata potent, *Similem Commen-*
faciendi Honor. Edwardo Dcimi-
no Harley, alteri *Executorum,*
& cum venerit eandem petitur.

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 15

THE TRENUS:

O R,

STANZAS on the Death of Mr. PRIOR.

I.

*M*Att. Prior?---- and we must submit!

Is at his Journey's End:

In whom the World has lost a *Wit*;

And I, what's more, a *Friend*.

II.

Who vainly hopes long here to stay,

May see with weeping Eyes;

Not only *Nature* parts-away,

But e'en *Good-Nature* dies!

III.

Shou'd grave *Ones* count these Praises light
To such it may be said;
A *Man*, in this lamented *Wight*,
Of *Business* too is dead.

IV.

From Ancestors, as might a Fool !
He trac'd no *High-fetch'd Stem* ;
But gloriously revers'd the Rule,
By *Dignifying them*.

V.

O! gentle *Cambridge*! sadly say,
Why Fates are so unkind?
To snatch thy Giant-Sons away,
Whilst *Pygmies* stay behind.

Horace

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 17

VI.

ight *Horace* and *He* were call'd in haste,
From this vile Earth to Heaven;
The cruel Year not fully pass'd,
Ætatis, Fifty-seven.

VII.

So on the Tops of *Lebanon*,
Tall Cedars felt the Sword;
To grace, by Care of *Solomon*,
The Temple of the Lord.

VIII.

A Tomb, amidst the Learned, may
The Western-Abbey give!
Like *Theirs*, his Ashes must decay;
Like *Theirs*, his Fame shall live.

18 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

IX.

Close, Carver! by some well-cut Books,
Let a thin Busto tell;
In spite of plump and pamper'd Looks,
How scanty Sense can dwell!

X.

No Epitaph, of tedious Length,
Shou'd over-charge the Stone;
Since lofty't Verse wou'd lose its Strength,
In mentioning his Own.

XI.

At once! and not Verbosely tame;
Some brave *Laconic*-Pen
Shou'd smartly touch his ample Name;
In Form of—— O RARE BEN!

THE

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 19

T H E

INSCRIPTION

Upon Mr. PRIOR's

MONUMENT

I N

Westminster-Abbey.

Made by Dr. FREIND.



Sui Temporis Historiam meditati

Paulatim obrepens Febris

Operis simul & Vitæ filum

Abrupit

Sept. 18. An: Dom: 1721.

Ætat. 57.

H. S. E.

20 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

H. S. E.

Vir Eximius

Serenissimis

Regi GULIELMO Reginaeq; MARIAE

In Congregatione Fœderatorum

Hagæ Anno 1696 Celebrata,

Deinde *Magnæ Britanniae* Legatis

Tum ijs

Qui Anno 1697 Pacem RYSWICKI confecerunt

Tum ijs,

Qui apud Gallos annis proximis Legationem obierunt

Eodem etiam Anno 1697 in *Hibernia*

SECRETARIUS;

Nec non in utroq; Honorabili confectu

Eorum,

Qui Anno 1700 ordinandis Commercij negotijs

Quiq; Anno 1711 dirigendis Portorij rebus

Præsidebant;

COMMISSIONARIUS;

Postremò

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 21

Ab ANNA

Felicissimæ memoriæ Reginæ

Ad LUDOVICUM XIV. Galliæ Regem

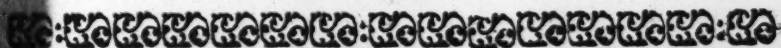
Missus Anno 1711.

De pace stabilienda,

(Pace etiamnum Durante

Diuq; ut boni jam omnes sperant Duratura)

Cum Summa potestate Legatus.



MATHÆUS PRIOR Armiger

Qui

Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus est, Titulos

Humanitatis, Ingenij Eruditionis Laude

Superavit.

Cui enim nascenti faciles arriserant Musæ

Hunc Puerum Schola hic Regia perpolivit,

Juvenem in Collegio Sti. *Johannis*

Cantabrigia optimis Scientijs instruxit;

Virum deniq; auxit & perfecit

Multa cum viris Principibus consuetudo;

Ita Natus, ita Institutus

A

A Vatum Choro avelli nunquam potuit,
Sed solebat sæpe rerum Civilium gravitatem

Amæniorum Literarum Studijs condire :

Et cum omne adeo Poetices genus

Haud infæliciter tentaret,

Tum in Fabellis concinne lepideq; texendis

Mirus Artifex

Neminem habuit parem.

Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta ;

Quam nullo Illi labore confiterint,

Facile ij perspexere, quibus usus est Amici ;

Apud quos Urbanitatum & Lepòrum plenus

Cum ad rem, quæcunq; forte inciderat,

Apte variè copioseq; alluderet,

Interea nihil quæsitum, nihil vi expressum

Videbatur,

Sed omnia ultro effluere,

Et quasi jugi è fonte affatim exuberare

Ita Suos tandem dubios reliquit,

Effetne in Scriptis Poeta Elegantior,

An in Convictu Comes Jucundior.

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 23

Attempted in ENGLISH.

Whilst he was Writing

The *History* of his *Own Times*,

A lingering Fever

Put an End both to the Work and his Life

On the 18th Day of *Sept.* 1721,

In the 57th Year of his Age.

Here lies Interred, that Great Man,

Who was Secretary to their Most Serene Majesties

King WILLIAM and Queen MARY

At the Congress of the *Allies* held at the *Hague*, 1690.

He was thence,

Appointed Secretary

To those Ambassadors of *Great-Britain*

Who concluded the Peace of *Reswick*, 1697.

He was likewise Secretary

To the Two succeeding Embassies in *France*.

And

24 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

And in the Year 1697

Secretary of State in the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

In the Year 1700

He was Appointed One of the Lords Commissioners
Of *Trade* and *Plantations*.

And in the Year 1711

Made One of the *Commissioners* of the *Customs*.

And lastly,

Sent by her Majesty Queen ANNE,
(of Blessed Memory)

In the Year 1711,

Plenipotentiary-Minister to LEWIS XIV. King of France

With the fullest Powers to Establish the *Peace*;

(A *Peace* to this Day *Lasting*,

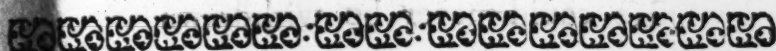
And which,

That it may long Continue,

Is the wish of all Good Men.)



of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 25



MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

Who surpassed all the Characters
With which he was Invested,
By the Force of his Genius,
And the Politeness of his Erudition.
At whose Birth the gentle *Muses*
Smiled propitious.

The *Literature* of this *Royal Foundation*,*
Trained up, and Embellished Him while a *Boy*,
St. JOHN's College in *Cambridge*
Endowed and furnished his *ripening Years*
With its brightest Sciences ;
And at last,
A long and intimate Conversation
with the greatest Persons
Improved and finished the *Man*.
Thus Born, thus Educated,

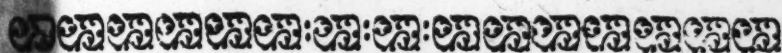
* *Westminster School*.

He could never be withdrawn
From the *Choir* of the *Muses* ;
But was often accustomed
To Alleviate and Sweeten
The fatigue of his *Publick Employments*,
By a retreat to Studies
More Inviting, and Delightsom :
And after Attempting almost
Every *Species* of *Poetry* with Success,
As in the agreeable and happy Manner
Of Contriving and Delivering *his Tales*,
This Wonderful *Artist* found no Equal.
The unlaboured Delicacy
With which he Toyed in these Amusements,
Was easily observed by All
Whom he received into his Friendship :
In whose Company,
If any Subject of Humour, causally occured,
He would treat it,
Being full of Wit and Pleasantry,

With

of MATTHEW PRIOR, *Esq*; 27

With the most Copious, Apt, Sprightly
And Beautiful Turns,
Nothing appearing to be either Studied, or Forced,
But All rising from his Invention freely,
And flowing as from an Inexhaustible Fountain.
So, that he left it a Matter of Doubt
Amongst his Acquaintance,
Whether in his *Writings*
He was the more elegant *Poet* :
Or, in his Conversation
The more facetious *Companion*.



EPITAPH *Extempore*.

Heralds, and *Statesmen*, by your leave,
Here lye the Bones of MATTHEW PRIOR;
The Son of ADAM and of EVE,
Can BOURBON, or NASSAU, go higher ?



POSTSCRIPT.



UPON the Accession of King WILLIAM and Queen MARY to the Throne, the Earl of *Dorset* was advanced to the Office of *Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household*; and as he never wanted it in his Inclination, he had it then in his Power, to recommend Persons of Desert to the Royal Favour.

AMONG these, he was very Early in his Provision for Mr. *Montague*, whom he thus Introduced to the KING, *May it please your Majesty, I have brought a Mouse to have the Honour of Kissing your Hand*; at which the KING smiled, and

and being told the Reason why he was so called, (from the Pamphlet before-mentioned) replied with his peculiar Raillery, *You will do well*, my Lord, *to put me in a Way of making a Man of Him*; and ordered him an immediate Pension of 500*l.* per *Annun*, out of the *Privy-Purse*.

THIS gave Occasion to the Writing of the *First Epistle to Fleetwood Sheppard*, Esq; who then, and for many Years, lived as a Friend and Companion with the Earl of *Dorset*. But Mr. PRIOR modestly excluded this Piece from among his POEMS, on Account of the *Point* in the *Close* of it. But all the Persons therein mentioned, being now Dead, and as it contains some Particulars of his LIFE, we have thought proper to insert it here.

THAT Ingenious Gentleman, Sir *Fleetwood Sheppard*, to whom it is Addressed, was Born at Great-Rowle-
right

right in the County of *Oxford*, and Educated in that University. He was an excellent POET, as may be seen by his Compositions, particularly that Curious and Uncommon Performance, Intituled, *The Countess of Dorset's Petition to Queen MARY for Chocolate*.

He Died of an Apoplexy at his Seat of *Rowliright*, 1698, and was Interred in the Chancel of that Church, but without any Memorial.





To the *Editor*,
On the Publication of some of Mr.
PRIOR's Posthumous *PIECES*.

LET Tears no more lament the Dead in vain,
For see, our easy *PRIOR* lives again ;
These genuine Lines the gentle Bard reveal,
And paint that *Nature* he alone cou'd feel ;
With tender Accents touch the soft'ning Soul,
Or gaily Mock the *Philosophic-Fool*.

When *TURTURELLA* tells her piteous moan,
Who does not make the Mourner's grief his own ?
How ravishingly sweet the Numbers move,
And breathe the dying Agonies of Love !
Such sympathizing Tendernefs impart,
They melt the Reader's to a Lover's Heart.

But while th'inimitable Bard displays,
The wanton *SPARROW* in gallanter Lays ;

The

The Marriage-State is image'd to the Life,
 The Careless Husband, and the Peevish Wife;
 The Troubles of the Fetlock'd-Couple shew,
 And either Sex is open'd to the View.

Next, in *Down-Hall* we find his hum'rous Vein,
 (Tho' *Essex* marshy Hundreds are the Scene)
 A Place unheard of till by PRIOR nam'd,
 Now MORLEY and *Down-Hall* alike are fam'd.

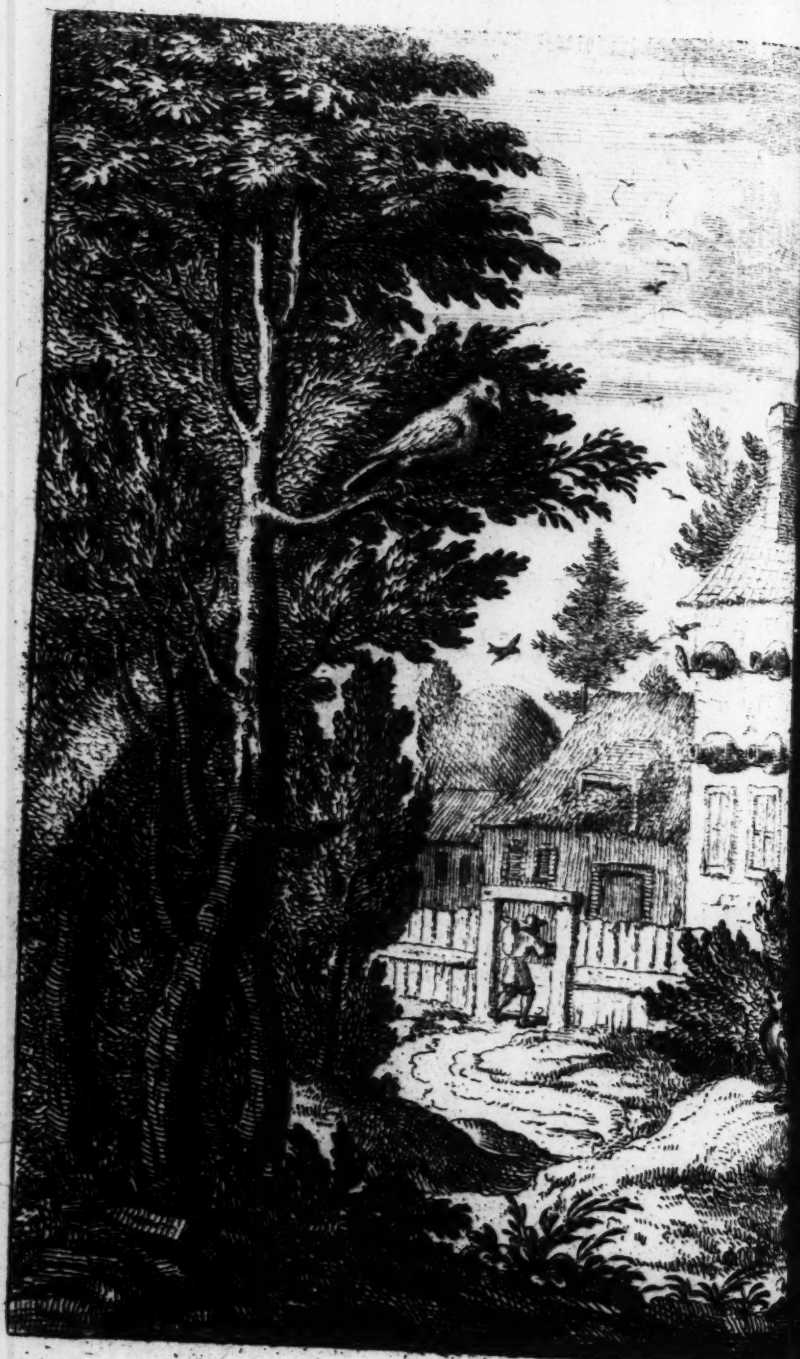
Thus Sung delightful MATT—but Sings no more,
 Long since lamented on the lonesom Shore;
 Pensive for Him in vain my Voice essays,
 To court THALIA to her Poet's praise;
 Like TURTURELLA she neglects her Charms,
 Despairing of another PRIOR's Arms:
 Alike their Tenderness, alike their Woe,
 For what COLUMBO was, is PRIOR now:
 Time's Period past—He shall for Ever live,
 And like these Labours by his Death revive.

W. PATTISON

LONDON, *July* 14, 1725.

T H E







THE
TURTLE *and the* SPARROW.

A
T A L E.

BEHIND an unfrequented Glade,
Where *Eugh* and *Myrtle* mix their Shade,
A Widow *Turtle* pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd Lover's Fate.
The *Sparrow* chanc'd that Way to walk,
(A Bird that loves to chirp and talk)
Besure he did the *Turtle* greet,
She answer'd him as she thought meet.

2 POEMS on several Occasions.

Sparrows and *Turtles* by the bye,
Can think as well as *You* or *I*:
But how they did their Thoughts express,
The Margin shows by *T*, and *S*.

T. My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled,
Alas! I weep *Columbo* dead:
Come all ye winged Lovers, come,
Drop *Pinks* and *Daisies* on his Tomb:
Sing *Philomel* his Fun'ral Verse,
Ye pious *Redbreasts* deck his Herse:
Fair *Swans* extend your Dying-Throats,
Columbo's Death requires your Notes:
For Him, my Friends, for Him I moan,
My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

Stretch'd on the Bier *Columbo* lies,
Pale are his Cheeks, and clos'd his Eyes;
Those Cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay;
Those Eyes, where Love was us'd to play:
Ah cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That Beauty and those Joys are flown!

Columbo

Columbo is no more, ye Floods,
 Bear the sad Sound to distant Woods;
 The Sound let Echo's Voice restore,
 And say, *Columbo* is no more.

Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

The *Driads* all forfook the Wood,
 And mournful *Naiads* round me flood,
 The tripping *Fauns* and *Fairies* came,
 All conscious of our mutual Flame,
 To sigh for him, with me to moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

V E N U S disdain'd not to appear
 To lend my Grief a Friendly Ear;
 But what avails her Kindness now?
 She ne'er shall hear my *Second Vow*:
 The *Loves* that round their Mother flew,
 Did in her Face her Sorrows view.
 Their drooping Wings they pensive hung,
 Their Arrows broke, their Bows unstrung;

4 POEMS on several Occasions.

They heard attentive what I said,
And wept with me, *Columbo* dead :
For Him I sigh, for Him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

'Tis Ours to Weep, great *VENUS* said,
'Tis *JOVE*'s alone to be Obey'd :
Nor Birds, nor Goddesses can move
The just Behests of Fatal *JOVE*;
I saw thy Mate with sad Regret,
And curs'd the *Fowler*'s cruel Net :
Ah, dear *Columbo*, how he fell,
Whom *Turturella* lov'd so well!
I saw him bleeding on the Ground,
The Sight tore up my ancient Wound ;
And whilst you wept, alas, I cry'd,
COLUMBO and *ADONIS* Dy'd.

Weep all ye Streams, ye Mountains groan,
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone ;
Still let my tender Grief complain,
Nor Day, nor Night that Grief restrain,

I said

POEMS on several Occasions. 3

I said, and VENUS still reply'd,

COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

S. Poor *Turturella*, hard thy Case,

And just thy Tears, alas, alas!

T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear
With piteous Heart a Lover's Care?

Come then, with Me thy Sorrows join,

And ease My Woes, by telling Thine:

For Thou, poor Bird, perhaps may'st meet

Some *Passerella* dead and gone.

S. Dame *Turtle*, this runs soft in Rhime,

But neither suits the Place nor Time;

That *Fowler's* Hand, whose cruel Care

For dear *Columbo* set the Snare,

The Snare again for Thee may set;

Two Birds may perish in One Net.

Thou shou'd'st avoid this cruel Field,

And Sorrow shou'd to Prudence yield.

'Tis sad to Die. T. It may be so;

'Tis sadder yet, to Live in Woe.

S. When

6 POEMS on several Occasions.

S. When Widows use their canting Strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When Wid'wers wou'd this Truth disprove,
They never tasted real Love.

S. Love is soft Joy and gentle Strife,
His Efforts all depend on Life :
When he has thrown Two Golden Darts,
And struck the Lovers mutual Hearts ;
Of his black Shafts let Death send One,
Alas! the pleasing Game is done,
Ill is the poor Survivor sped,
A Corps feels mighty cold in Bed.
VENUS said right, nor Tears can move,
Nor complaints revoke the Will of JOVE.

All must obey the gen'ral Doom,
Down from ALCIDES to Tom Thumb.
Grim PLUTO will not be withstood
By Force or Craft ; *Tall Robinhood*,
As well as *Little John*, is dead.
(You see how deeply I am read.)

POEMS on several Occasions. 7

n, With Fate's lean *Tipstaff* none can dodge,
He'll find you out where e'er you lodge.
ve, *AJAX* to shun his gen'ral Pow'r,
In vain absconded in a *Flower*.

An idle Scene *TYTHONUS* acted,
When to a *Grass-hopper* contracted:
Death struck them in those Shapes again,
As once he did when they were Men.

For Reptiles perish, Plants decay,
Flesh is but *Grass*, *Grass* turns to Hay,
And Hay to Dung, and Dung to Clay. }

Thus Heads extreamly nice, discover,
That Folks may Die, some Ten times over;
But oft by too refin'd a touch,
To prove Things plain, they prove too much.

What e'er *PYTHAGORAS* may say,
(For each, you know, will have his Way)
With great Submission I pronounce,
That People Die no more than Once:

But

8 POEMS on several Occasions.

But Once is sure, and Death is Common
 To *Bird* and *Man* including *Woman*.
 From the Spread *Eagle* to the *Wren*,
 Alas! no Mortal Fowl knows when;
 All that wear Feathers first or last,
 Must one Day perch on CHARON'S Mast;
 Must lye beneath the *Cypress* Shade,
 Where STRADA'S *Nightingale* was laid.
 Those Fowl who seem Alive to sit,
 Assembled by *Dan CHAUCER'S* Wit,
 In Prose have slept Three Hundred Years,
 Exempt from worldly Hopes and Fears,
 And laid in State upon their Herse,
 Are truly but embalm'd in Verse.
 As sure as LESBIA'S *Sparrow* I,
 -Thou, sure as PRIOR'S *Dove*, must Die:
 And ne'er again from *Lethe's* Streams
 Return to *Adda*, or to *Thames*.

T. I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,
 My Hopes bereav'd, my Pleasures fled;

I'there

*I therefore must for ever moan
My dear Columbo dead and gone.*

*S. Columbo never fees your Tears,
Your Cries Columbo never hears;
A Wall of Brass, and one of Lead,
Divide the Living from the Dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd Rain
Of Tears beats back to Earth again,
In t'other the Collected Sound
Of Groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.*

*'Tis therefore vain one Hour to grieve
What Time it-self can ne'er retrieve,
By Nature soft, I know, a Dove
Can never live without her Love;
Then quit this Flame, and light another;
Deme, I advise you like a Brother.*

*T. What, I to make a second Choice?
In other Nuptials ro rejoyce?*

*S. Why not my Bird? T. No Sparrow no,
Let me indulge my pleasing woe:*

Thus

10 POEMS on several Occasions.

Thus fighting, coeing, ease my Pain,
But never wish nor love again:
Distress'd for ever let me moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Our winged Friends thro' all the Gr
Contemn thy mad Excess of Love:
I tell thee, Dame, the t'other Day
I met a *Parrot* and a *Jay*,
Who mock'd thee in their mimick Tone,
And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

T. Whate'er the *Jay* or *Parrot* said,
My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled;
And I for ever must deplore
Columbo dead and gone.— S. *Encore!*
For Shame forsake this *BION*-style,
We'll talk an Hour, and walk a Mile.
Does it with Sense or Health agree,
To sit thus mopeing on a Tree?
To throw away a Widow's Life,
When you again may be a Wife.

and I

Com

POEMS on several Occasions. I 11

Come on, I'll tell you my Amours;
Who knows but they may influence Yours?

Example draws, where Precept fails,
And Sermons are less read than Tales.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my Friend,
As such will hear thee, I descend;
Hop on and talk, but honest Bird,
Take care that no immodest Word
May venture to offend my Ear.—

S. Too Saint-like Turtle, never fear,—
By Method Things are best discours'd,
Begin we then with *Wife* the first:
A handsome, senseless, awkward Fool
Who wou'd not Yield, and cou'd not Rule:
Her Actions did, her Charms disgrace,
And still her Tongue talk'd off her Face:
Count me the Leaves on yonder Tree,
So many different Wills had she,
And like the Leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
Those Wills were chang'd with every Wind:—

W

C

She

She courted the *Beau-Monde* To-night,
L'Assemblée her supreme Delight.
 The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
 And in full Health enjoy'd the Spleen.
 She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
 And with great Care set all amiss;
 She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,
 Now sing, now pour, all, God knows why.
 Short was her Reign, she Cough'd and Dy'd,
 Proceed we to my *Second Bride*;
 Well Born she was, genteely Bred,
 And Buxom both at Board and Bed,
 Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
 And, as TOM SOUTHERN wisely says,
 No other Fault had she in Life,
 But only that she was my WIFE.
 O Widow-Turtle! every She,
 (So Nature's Pleasure does Decree)
 Appears a Goddess till enjoy'd,
 But Birds, and Men, and Gods are cloy'd.

Was HERCULES One Woman's Man?

Or JOVE for ever LEDA's Swan?

Ah! Madam, cease to be mistaken,

Few marry'd Fowl peck *Dunmore*-Bacon.

Variety alone gives Joy,

The sweetest Meats the soonest cloy:

What *Sparrow*, Dame? what *Dove* alive?

Tho' VENUS shou'd the Char'ot drive,

But wou'd accuse the Harness-Weight,

If always Coupled to One Mate;

And often with the Fetter broke,

'Tis Freedom but to Change the Yoke.

T. Impious to wish to Wed again,

E'er Death dissolv'd the former Chain.

S. Spare your Remark, and hear the rest,

She brought me Sons, but JOVE be blest,

She Dy'd in Child-Bed on the Nest.

Well, rest her Bones, quoth I, she's gone:

But must I therefore lye alone?

14 POEMS on several Occasions.

What, am I to her Memory ty'd?
 Must I not Live, because she Dy'd?
 And thus I *Logically* said,
 ('Tis good to have a Reas'ning-Head)
 Is this my WIFE? *Probatur*, not;
 For Death dissolv'd the Marriage-Knot:
 She was, *Concedo*, during Life;
 But, is a Piece of *Clay*, a WIFE?
 Again, if not a *Wife*, d'ye see,
 Why then no Kin at all to me:
 And he who gen'ral Tears can shed
 For Folks that happen to be Dead,
 May e'en with equal Justice mourn
 For those who never yet were Born.

T. Those Points indeed you quaintly prove,
 But *Logick* is no Friend to *Love*.

S. My Children then were just pen-feather'd:
 Some little Corn for them I gather'd,
 And sent them to my Spouse's Mother,
 So left that Brood to get another.

And

And as Old HARRY Whilome said,
Reflecting on ANNE BULLEN Dead,
Cocksbones, I now again do stand
The jolly't Batchelor i'th' Land.

T. Ah me! my Joys, my Hopes are fled;
My first, my only Love is Dead.

With endless Grief let me bemoan
Columbo's Loss. S. Let me go on.

As yet my Fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my Cousin Philly Sparrow,
O'th' Elder House of Chirping-End,
From whence the younger Branch descend;

Well feated in a Field of Pease
She liv'd, extreemly at her Ease:

But when the Honey-Moon was past,
The following Nights were soon o'ercast,

She kept her own, could plead the Larc,
And Quarrel for a Barley-Straw;

Both, you may judge became less kind,
As more we knew each other's Mind:

She soon grew *sullen*, I, *hard-hearted*,
 We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
 To *LONDON*, blessed Town, I went,
 She Boarded at a Farm in *Kent*:
 A *Magpye* from the Country fled,
 And kindly told me she was Dead:
 I prun'd my Feathers, cock'd my Tail,
 And set my Heart again to Sale.

My *Fourth*, a meer Coquet, or such
 I thought her, nor avails it much,
 If true or false, our Troubles spring
 More from the Fancy than the Thing.
 Two staring Horns, I often said,
 But ill become a *Sparrow's* Head;
 But then, to set that Balance even,
 Your *Cuckold-Sparrow* goes to Heaven.
 The Thing you fear, suppose it done,
 If you enquire, you make it known.
 Whilst at the Root your Horns are sore,
 The more you scratch, they ache the more.

But

But turn the Tables and reflect,
 All may not be, that you suspect:
 By the Mind's Eye, the Horns, we mean,
 Are only in Ideas seen,
 'Tis from the inside of the Head
 Their Branches shoot, their Antlers spread;
 Fruitful Suspicions often bear them,
 You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that Echo'd word,
 Offends the Ear of Vulgar Bird;
 But those of finer Taste have found
 There's nothing in't beside the sound.
 Preferment always waits on Horns,
 And Household Peace the Gift adorns:
 This Way, or That, let Factions tend,
 The Spark is still the Cuckold's Friend;
 This Way, or That, let Madam roam,
 Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.
 Now weigh the Pleasure with the Pain,
 The *plus* and *minus*, Loss and Gain,

And

And what *LaFontaine* laughing says,
 Is serious Truth, in such a Case;
 Who flights the Evil finds it least,
 And who does Nothing, does the best,
 I never strove to rule the Roast,
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toast:
 In Visits if we chanc'd to meet,
 I seem'd obliging, she discreet;
 We neither much, caress'd, nor strove,
 But good Dissembling pass'd for Love.

T. Whate'er of Light our Eye may know,
 'Tis only Light it-self can show:
 Whate'er of Love our Heart can feel,
 'Tis mutual Love alone can tell.

S. My pretty, amorous, foolish Bird,
 A Moment's Patience, in one Word,
 The Three kind Sisters broke the Chain,
 She Dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me with juster Grief deplore
 My dear *Columbo*, now no more;

Let me with constant Tears bewail.—

S. Your Sorrow does but spoil my Tale.
My *Fifth* she prov'd a jealous Wife,
Lord shield us all from such a Life!

'Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-Chat,
'Twas This, To-day, To-morrow, That.

Sometimes forsooth, upon the Brook,

I kept a Miss; an honest Rook

Told it a *Snipe*, who told a *Sear*,

Who told it those, who told it her.

One Day a *Linnet* and a *Lark*

Had met me strolling in the Dark;

The next, a *Woodcock* and an *Owl*

Quick-sighted, grave, and sober Fowl,

Wou'd on their Corporal Oath alledge,

I kiss'd a *Hen* behind the Hedge.

Well, Madam *Turtle*, to be brief,

(Repeating but renews our Grief)

As once she watch'd me, from a Rail,

For Soul! her Footing chanc'd to fail,

And

And down she fell, and broke her Hip,
 The Fever came, and then the Pip :
 Death did the only cure apply ;
 She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Cou'd Love unmov'd these Changes vie
 His Sorrows, as his Joys are true.

S. My dearest *Dove*, One wise Man says,
 Alluding to our present Case,
 We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow :
 Then what avails superfl'ous Sorrow?
 Another full as wise as he,
 Adds ; that a Marry'd Man may see
 Two happy Hours ; and which are they ?
 The First and Last, perhaps you'll say ;
 'Tis true, when blithe she goes to Bed,
 And when she peaceably lies Dead ;
Women 'twixt Sheets are best, 'tis said,
Be they of Holland, or of Lead.

Now cur'd of *HYMEN's* Hopes and Fears,
 And sliding down the Vale of Years,

I hoped to fix my future Rest,
 And took a *Widow* to my Nest.
 Ah *Turtle*! had she been like Thee,
 Sober, yet gentle; wise, yet free;
 But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
 A Witch ingrafted on a Scold:
 JOYE in PANDORA's *Box* confin'd
 A Hundred Ills to vex Mankind;
 To vex one Bird, in her Bandore
 He hid at least a Hundred more:
 And soon as Time that Veil withdrew,
 The Plagues o'er all the Parish flew;
 Her Stock of borrow'd Tears grew dry,
 And Native Tempests arm'd her Eye,
 Black Clouds around her Forehead hung,
 And Thunder rattled on her Tongue.
 We, Young or Old, or *Cock* or *Hen*,
 All liv'd in *Æolus's Den*;
 The nearest her, the more accurst,
 As far'd her Friends, her Husband worst.

But

But *JOVE* amidst his Anger spares,
 Remarks our Faults, but hears our Pray'rs.
 In short, she Dy'd, why then she's Dead
 Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
 Wou'd Heaven this Mourning Year was past,
 One may have better Luck at last.
 Matters at worst are sure to mend,
 The *DEVIL's Wife* was but a *Friend*.

T. Thy Tale has rais'd a *Turtle's* Spleen,
 Uxorious Inmate, Bird obscene,
 Dar'st thou defile these Sacred Groves,
 These silent Seats of faithful Loves?
 Begone, with flagging Wings sit down
 On some old *Pent-house* near the Town;
 In *Brewers-Stables* peck thy Grain,
 Then wash it down with puddled Rain:
 And hear thy dirty Offspring Squall
 From Bottles on a Suburb-Wall.
 Where Thou hast been, return again,
 Vile Bird! Thou hast convers'd with Men;

Notions like these, from Men are giv'n,

Those vilest Creatures under Heav'n.

To Cities and to Courts repair,

Flatt'ry and Falshood flourish there :

There, all thy wretched Arts employ,

Where *Riches* triumph over *Joy* ;

Where *Passions* do with *Int'rest* Barter,

And *HYMEN* holds, by *Mammon's* Charter ;

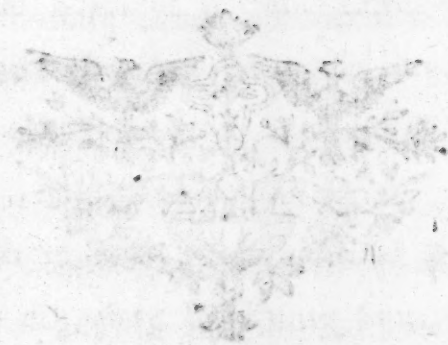
Where *Truth* by *Point of Law* is *Parry'd*,

And *Knaves* and *Prudes* are *Six-Times Marry'd*.

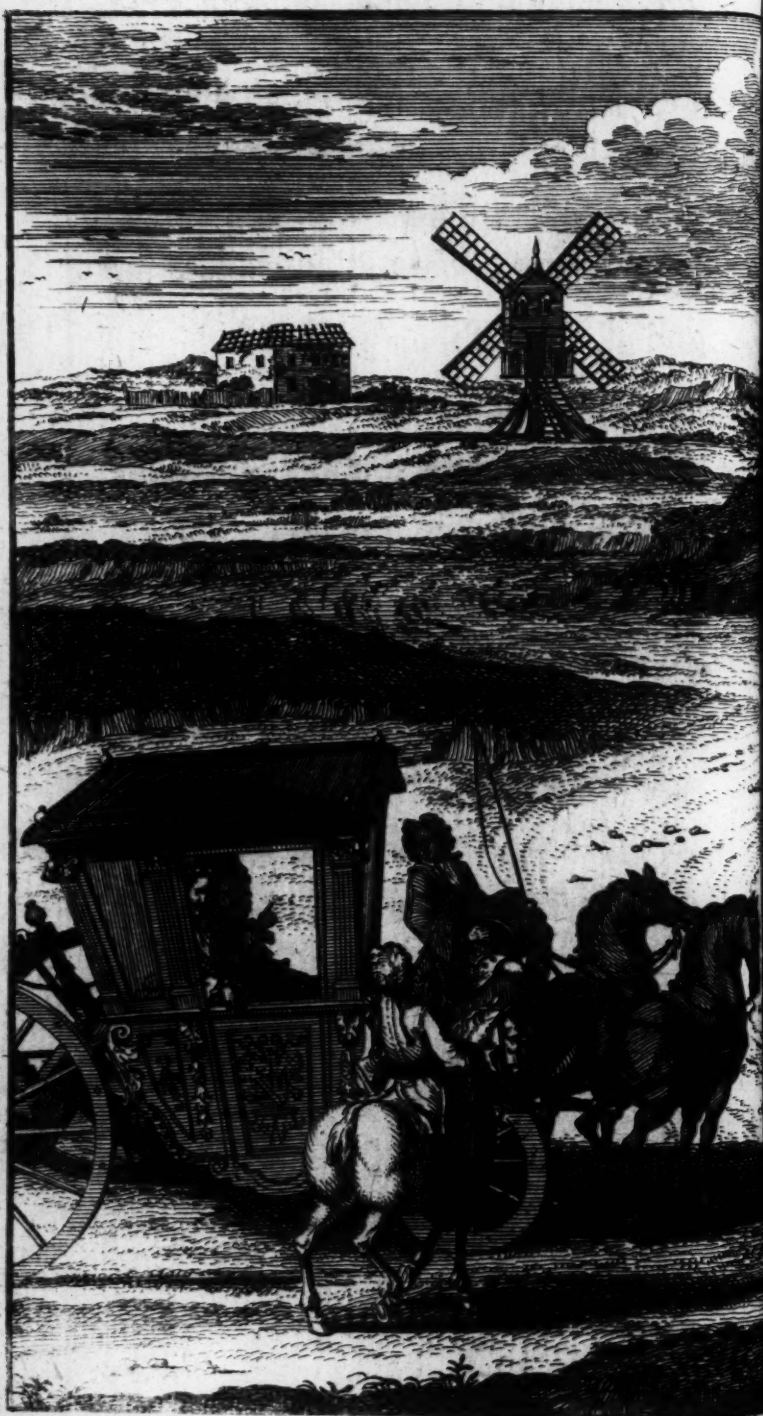


D

...the ... from ...
... ...
... to ...
... and ...
... and ...
... over ...
... with ...
... by ...
... of ...
... and ...







G. P. J. van



DOWN-HALL;

A

BALLAD.

*the Tune of King JOHN, and the Abbot of
CANTERBURY.*

Sing not old JASON, who Travell'd thro' Greece,
To Kiss the fair Maids, and possess the rich Fleece :
Sing I ÆNEAS, who led by his Mother,
rid of One WIFE, and went far for another,

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

28 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

Nor Him who thro' *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,
 ULYSSES by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home;
 But rather desir'd to see Cities and Men,
 Than return to his Farms; and Converſe with old PEN

Hang HOMER and VIRGIL; their meaning to ſeek,
 A Man muſt have pok'd in the *Latin* and *Greek*;
 Thoſe who Love our own Tongue, we have Reason to hope
 Have read them Tranſlated by DRYDEN and POPE.

But I Sing Exploits, that have lately been done
 By Two *Britiſh* HEROES, call'd MATTHEW and JOHN
 And how they rid Friendly from fine *London-Town*,
 Fair *Effex* to ſee, and a Place they call D O W N.

Now e'er they went out, you may rightly ſuppoſe,
 How much they Diſcourſ'd, both in *Prudence* and *Proſe*:
 For before this great *Journey* was thoroughly concerted,
 Full often they met; and as often they parted.

And

And thus *Matthew* said, look you here, my Friend *John*,
I fairly have Travell'd Years Thirty and One ;
And tho' I still carry'd my *Sovereign's* Warrants,
I only have gone upon other Folks Errands.

And now in this *Journey* of Life, I wou'd have
A Place where to Bait, t'wixt the *Court* and the *Grave* ;
Where joyful to Live, not unwilling to Die—
Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

There are Gardens so Stately, and Arbors so Thick,
A *Portal* of Stone, and a *Fabrick* of Brick.
The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r ;
But the Money, *Gadzooks*, must be Paid in an Hour.

For Things in this World, must by Law be made certain,
We Both must repair unto *OLIVER MARTIN* ;
For he is a *Lawyer* of worthy Renown.
I'll bring You to see ; he must fix you at *DOWN*.

Quoth

Quoth MATTHEW, I know, that from *Berwick* to *Dover*
 You have Sold all our Premises over and over.
 And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,
 You may throw all our Acres into the *South-Sea*.

But a word to the Purpose ; To-morrow, dear Friend
 We'll see, what To-night you so highly commend.
 And if with a Garden and House I am blest ;
 Let the *Devil* and *Con—y* go with the rest.

Then answer'd Squire MORLEY, pray get a *Calefeb*,
 That in *Summer* may Burn, and in *Winter* may Splash :
 I love Dirt and Dust ; and 'tis always my Pleasure,
 To take with me much of the Soil which I Measure.

But *Matthew* thought better : for *Matthew* thought right,
 And hired a *Chariot* so trim and so tight,
 That extreams both of *Winter* and *Summer* might pass ;
 For one *Window* was *Canvas*, the t'other was *Glass*.

Draw up quoth Friend *Matthew* ; pull down quoth Friend
 We shall be both Hotter and Colder anon. *(John,*
 Thus Talking and Scolding, they forward did Speed ;
 And RALPHO pac'd by, under NEWMAN the Sweed.

Into an old Inn, did this Equipage roll,
 At a Town they call *Hodsdon*, the Sign of the Bull,
 Near a Nymph with an Urn, that divides the High-way,
 And into a Puddle throws *Mother of Tea*.

Come here my sweet Landlady, pray how do you do ?
 Where is *Sisley* so cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue* ?
 And where is the Widow that dwelt here below ?
 And the Hollar that Sung about Eight Years ago ?

And where is your Sister so mild and so dear ?
 Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was clear,
 By my Troth, She replies, you grow Younger, I think :
 And pray Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink ?

Why

Why now let me Die, Sir, or live upon Trust,
If I know to which Question to answer you first.
Why Things since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd
And the Hosier is Hang'd, and the Widow is Marry'd

And PRUE left a Child for the Parish to Nurse;
'And SISLEY went off with a Gentleman's Purse;
And as to my Sister so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year.

Well, Peace to her Ashes; what signifies Grief:
She Roasted red-*Veal*, and she Powder'd lean-*Beef*:
Full nicely she knew to Cook up a fine Dish;
For tough was her *Pullets*, and tender her *Fish*.

For that matter, Sir, be ye Squire, Knight, or Lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford:
I shou'd look on myself as unhappily Sped,
Did I yield to a Sister, or Living, or Dead.

And

Of *Mutton*, a delicate Neck and a Breast,
 Shall Swim in the *Water* in which they were Drest :
 And because You great Folks are with Rarities taken,
 Addle-Eggs shall be next Course, tost up with rank-*Bacon*.

The Supper was Serv'd, and the Sheets they were laid ;
 And MORLEY most lovingly whisper'd the Maid.
 The Maid was She handsome ? why truly so, so :
 But what MORLEY whisper'd, we never shall know.

Then up rose these *Heroes* as brisk as the Sun,
 And their Horses like his, were prepared to Run.
 Now when in the Morning MATT. ask'd for the Score,
 JOHN kindly had paid it the Evening before.

Their Breakfast so warm to be sure they did Eat :
 A Custom in Travellers, mighty Discreet,
 And thus with great Friendship and glee they went on
 To find out the Place you shall hear of anon,

call'd Down, down, hey derry down.

But

34 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

But what did they talk of from Morning 'till Noon
Why, of Spots in the *Sun*, and the Man in the *Moon*
Of the CZAR's gentle Temper, the Stocks in the City,
The wise Men of *Greece*, and the Secret-Committee.

So to HARLOW they came; and hey, where are You all
Show Us into the Parlor, and mind when I call:
Why, your Maids have no motion, your Men have no
Well Master, I hear you have Bury'd your *Wife*.

Come this very instant, take Care to provide
Tea, Sugar, and Toast, and a *Horse*, and a *Guide*.
Are the *Harrison's* here, both the Old and the Young
And where stands fair DOWN, the delight of my Song

O Squire, to the Grief of my Heart I may say,
I have Bury'd Two *Wives* since you Travell'd this way
And the *Harrison's* both may be presently here;
And DOWN stands, I think, where it stood the last Year

Then JOAN brought the *Tea-pot*, and CALEB the *Toast* ;
 And the *Wine* was froth'd-out by the Hand of my Host :
 But we clear'd our Extempore Banquet so fast,
 That the *Harrison's* both were forgot in the haste.

Now hey for *Down-Hall* ; for the Guide he was got ;
 The *Chariot* was mounted ; the *Horses* did trot ;
 The Guide he did bring us a Dozen Mile round :
 But O ! all in vain ; for no *Down* cou'd be found.

O ! thou *Popish* Guide, thou hast led us astray.
 Says he ; how the Devil shou'd I know the way ?
 I never yet travell'd this Road in my life :
 But *Down* lyes on the left, I was told by my *Wife*.

Thy *Wife*, answer'd MATTHEW, when she went abroad,
 Ne'er told Thee of half the bye-ways she had trod :
 Perhaps She met Friends, and brought Pence to Thy House
 But Thou shalt go home without ever a Soufe.

36 POEMS on several Occasions.

What is this thing MORLEY, and how can you mean it?
We have lost our Estate here, before we have seen it.
Have Patience, soft MORLEY in anger reply'd:
To find out our way, let us send off our Guide.

O here I spy *Down*: cast your Eye to the *West*,
Where a *Wind-mill* so stately stands plainly Confest.
On the *West* reply'd MATTHEW, no *Wind-mill* I find:
As well Thou may'st tell me, I see the *West-wind*.

Now pardon me, MORLEY, the *Wind-mill* I spy;
But faithful ACHATES, no House is there nigh.
Look again, says mild MORLEY, *Gadzooks* you are blind:
The *Mill* stands before; and the *House* lyes behind.

O now a low ruin'd white Shed I discern,
Untyl'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a *Barn*,
A *Barn*? why you rave: 'Tis a *House* for a Squire,
A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

A House shou'd be Built, or with *Brick*, or with *Stone*.
 Why, 'tis *Plaster* and *Lath*; and I think, that's all One.
 And such as it is, it has stood with great Fame,
 Been called a *Hall*, and has given its Name
 To Down, down, bey derry down.

O MORLEY, O MORLEY, if that be a *Hall*;
 The Fame with the Building will suddenly fall——
 With your Friend JIMMY GIBBS about Buildings agree,
 My Business is Land; and it matters not me.

I wish you cou'd tell, what a duce your head ails:
 I shou'd you *Down-Hall*; did you look for *Versailles*?
 Then take House and Farm, as JOHN BALLEET will let you:
 For better for worse, as I took my Dame BETTY.

And now, Sir, a word to the Wife is enough;
 You'll make very little of all your Old Stuff:
 And to build at your Age, by my Troth, you grow simple.
 Are You Young and Rich, like the *Master of Wimple*?

38 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

If You have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,
From Twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er see five Farthing
And in Yours I shall find the true Gentleman's Fate
E'er you finish your House, you'll have spent your Estate

Now let Us touch Thumbs, and be Friends e'er we part
Here, JOHN, is my Thumb; and here MATT, is my Heart
To *Halstead* I speed; and You go back to Town.
Thus ends the *First part* of the *Ballad* of *DOWN*.

Derry down, down, hey derry down



A N



A N
E P I S T L E
T O

Fleetwood Sheppard, Esq;

Written Anno. 1689.

W HEN crowding Folks, with strange ill Faces,
Were making Legs, and begging Places,
And some with *Patents*, some with *Merit*,
Tir'd out my good Lord *Dorset's* Spirit:
Speaking, I stood, among the Crew,
Desiring much to speak with You.

I waited while the Clock struck *Thrice*,
 And *Footman* brought out fifty Lies ;
 Till *Patience* vex'd, and *Legs* grown weary,
 I thought it was in vain to tarry :
 But did Opine it might be better,
 By *Penny-Post* to send a *Letter* ;
 Now, if you miss of this *Epistle*,
 I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.

My Bus'ness, Sir, You'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little Place,
 And fair Pretensions I have for't,
 Much Need, and very small Desert.
 When e'er I writ to You, I wanted ;
 I always begg'd, You always granted,
 Now, as You took me up when Little,
 Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle :
 Askt for me, from my Lord, things fitting,
 Kind as I'ad been your own begetting ;
 Confirm what formerly You've given,
 Nor leave me now at Six and Sevens
 As *Sunderland* has left *Mun Stephens*.

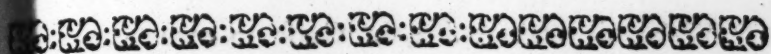
No Family that takes a Whelp,
 When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects, or turns him out of Gate,
 When He's grown up to Dog's Estate:
 Nor Parish if they once adopt
 The spurious Brats that Strolers dropt,
 Leave 'em when grown up Lusty Fellows,
 To the wide World, that is the *Gallows*:
 No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worse,
 Than if they'ad throttled 'em at Nurse,
 My Uncle, rest his Soul, when Living,
 Might have contriv'd me ways of Thriving;
 Taught me with *Cyder* to replenish
 My Vats, or ebbing Tide of *Rhenish*.
 So when for *Hock* I drew Prickt *White-wine*,
 Swear't had the flavour, and was right *Wine*:
 Or sent me with Ten Pounds to *Furni-*
val's Inn, to some good Rogue-Attorney;
 Where now by forging Deeds, and cheating,
 I'ad found some handsom ways of getting. All

44 POEMS on several Occasions.

All this, You made me quit to follow
 That sneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollo*.
 Sent me among a Fiddling Crew
 Of Folks, I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
 To add no more Invectives to it,
 You spoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.
 In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man
 That makes the Whore but keeps the Woman
 Among all honest Christian People,
 Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to say,
 Is, that you'd put me in some way,
 And your *Petitioner* shall Pray—

There's One thing more, I had almost slip't,
 But they may do as well in *Post-script*;
 My Friend *Charles Montague's* preferr'd,
 Nor wou'd I have it long observ'd,
 That *One Mouse* Eats, while *T'Other's* Starv'd.



A N

O D E,

In Imitation of the Second O D E of
the Third B O O K of H O R A C E.

Written 1692.

I.

HOW long, deluded *Albion*, wilt Thou lie (a)
In the Lethargic Sleep, the sad Repose,
By which thy close, thy constant Enemy,
Has softly lull'd Thee to Thy Woes?

Or

(a) *Angustam, amici, Pauperiem pati*
Robustus acri Militiâ Puer
Condiscat, & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hastâ.

46 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

Or Wake, degenerate Isle, or Cease to own
 What Thy Old Kings in *Gallic* Camps have done;
 The Spoils They brought Thee back, the Crowns They won
WILLIAM (so Fate requires) again is Arm'd ;

Thy Father to the Field is gone :
 Again *MARIA* weeps Her absent Lord ;
 For Thy Repose content to Rule alone.
 Are Thy Enervate Sons not yet Alarm'd ?
 When *WILLIAM* Fights, dare they look tamely on,
 So slow to get their Ancient Fame Restor'd,
 As nor to melt at Beauty's Tears, nor follow Valour's Sword

II.

See the Repenting Isle Awakes,
 Her Vicious Chains the generous Goddess breaks :
 The Fogs around Her Temples are Dispell'd ;
 Abroad She Looks, and Sees Arm'd *Belgia* stand
 Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's Command ;
 Her Lyons Roaring by Her Side, Her Arrows in Her Hand,
 And Blushing to have been so long with-held,
 Weeps off Her Crime, and hastens to the Field :

(b) Hence-

(b) Henceforth Her Youth shall be inur'd to bear
 Hazardous Toil and Active War :
 To march beneath the Dog-Star's raging Heat,
 Patient of Summer's Drought, and Martial Sweat ;
 And only Grieve in Winter's Camps to find,
 Her Days too short for Labours They design'd :
 All Night beneath hard, heavy Arms to Watch ;
 All Day to Mount the Trench, to Storm the Breach ;
 And all the rugged Paths to tread,
 Where WILLIAM, and his Virtue lead.

III.

(c) Silence is the Soul of War ;
 Delib'rate Counsel must prepare
 The Mighty Work, which Valour must compleat :
 Thus WILLIAM Rescu'd, thus Preserves the State ;
 Thus Teaches Us to Think and Dare ;
 As whilst his Cannon just prepar'd to Breathe
 Avenging Anger, and swift Death,

F

In

(b) *Vitamque sub Dio & trepidis agat
 In rebus.*

(c) *Est & fideli tuta silentio
 Merces, &c.*

48 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

In the try'd Mettle the close Dangers glow,
 And now too late the Dying Foe
 Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow ;
 So whilst in *WILLIAM*'s Breast ripe Counfels lie,
 Secret and sure as Brooding Fate,
 No more of His Design appears,
 Than what Awakens *Gallia*'s Fears ;
 And (though Guilt's Eye can sharply penetrate)
 Distracted *Lewis* can discry
 Only a long unmeasur'd Ruin nigh.

IV.

On *Norman* Coasts and Banks of frighted *Seine*,
 Lo ! the Impending Storms begin :
Britannia safely through her Master's Sea
 Plows up her Victorious Way.
 The *French Salmones* throws his Bolts in vain,
 Whilst the true Thunderer asserts the Main :

'Tis done! to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire,
 Swift Victory in Vengeful Flames
 Burns down the Pride of their Presumptuous Names:
 They run to Shipwrack to avoid our Fire,
 And the torn Vessels that regain their Coast
 Are but sad Marks to shew the rest are lost:
 All this the Mild, the Beauteous, *Queen* has done,
 And *WILLIAM*'s softer-Half shakes *Lewis*' Throne:

MARIA does the Sea command

Whilst *Gallia* flies her Husband's Arms by Land,
 So, the *Sun* absent, with full sway, the *Moon*
 Governs the Isles, and rules the Waves alone;
 So *Juno* thunders when her *Jove* is gone.
 O *Britannia*! loose thy Ocean's Chains,
 Whilst *Russel* strikes the Blow Thy *Queen* ordains:
 Thus Rescu'd, thus Rever'd, for ever stand,
 And bless the Counsel, and Reward the Hand,
 O *Britannia*! thy *MARIA* Reigns.

V.

From *MART*'s Conquests, and the Rescu'd Main, (d)
 Let *France* look forth to *Sambre*'s armed Shore,
 And boast her Joy for *WILLIAM*'s Death no more.
 He lives, let *France* confess, the Victor lives:
 Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,
 And spoke her Terror of his Life too plain.
 The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
 In which *That One* of *Lewis*' many Wives,
 Who by the baleful force of guilty Charms,
 Has long enthal'd Him in Her wither'd Arms,
 Shall o'er the Plains from distant Tow'rs on high,
 Cast around her mournful Eye,
 And with Prophetick Sorrow cry:

(d) ——— *Illum ex manibus hostiis*
Matrona bellantis Tyranni
Prospiciens, & adulta virgo
Suspiret, eheu! ne rudis agminum
Sponsus, laceſſat regius asperam
Tactu leonem quem cruenta
Per medias rapit Ira Cades.

Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his flight?
 Why does Despair provoke his Age to fight?
 As well the Wolf may venture to engage
 The angry Lyon's gen'rous rage;
 The rav'nous Vultur, and the Bird of Night,
 As safely tempt the stooping Eagle's flight,
 As *Lewis* to unequal Arms defy
 Yon' *Heroe*, crown'd with blooming Victory,
 Just triumphing o'er Rebel rage restrain'd,
 And yet unbreath'd from Battels gain'd.
 See! all yon' dusty Fields quite cover'd o'er
 With hostile Troops, and *ORANGE* at their Head,
ORANGE destin'd to compleat
 The great Designs of labouring Fate,
ORANGE the Name that Tyrants dread:
 He comes, our ruin'd Empire is no more,
 Down, like the *Persian*, goes the *Gallic* Throne,
Darius flies, Young *Ammon* urges on.

VI.

Now from the dubious Battel's mingled heat,
 Let fear look back, and stretch her hasty Wing, (e)
 Inpatient to secure a base retreat:
 Let the pale Coward leave his Wounded King,
 For the vile privilege to breathe,
 To live with shame in dread of glorious Death;
 In vain: for Fate has swifter Wings than fear,
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear,
 Dying and Mad the Traytor bites the ground,
 His Back transfix'd with a dishonest Wound;
 Whilst through the fiercest Troops, and thickest Press,
 Virtue carries on Success;
 Whilst equal Heav'n guards the distinguish'd brave,
 And Armies cannot hurt whom Angels save.

VII. Virtue

(e) *Dulce & decorum est pro Patriâ mori,
 Mors & fugacem prosequitur Virum
 Nec parcat imbellis Juventa
 Pe, litibus timidoque terga.*

VII.

Virtue to Verse immortal Lustre gives,
 Each by the other's mutual Friendship lives;
Eneas suffer'd, and *Achilles* fought,
 The *Heroe's* Acts enlarg'd the *Poet's* thought,
 Or *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Rage

Had ne'er like lasting Nature vanquish'd Age;
 Whilst *Lewis* then his rising Terrour drowns

With Drums, Alarms, and Trumpets Sounds,
 Whilst hid in arm'd Retreats and guarded Towns,

From Danger as from Honour far,
 He bribes close Murder against open War:

In vain you *Gallic* Muses strive
 With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive,
 Your mouldring Monuments in vain Ye raise
 On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise:

Your Songs are fold, your Numbers are Profane,

'Tis Incense to an Idol given,

Meat offer'd to *Prometheus'* Man,

That had no Soul from Heaven.

Against

Against his Will you chain your frightened King
 On rapid Rhine's divided Bed;
 And Mock your Heroe, whilst ye Sing
 The Wounds for which he never bled;
 Falshood does poyson on your Praise difuse,
 And Lewis' fear gives Death to Baileau's Muse.

VIII.

On it's own Worth True Majesty is rear'd, (f)
 And Virtue is her own Reward,
 With solid Beams and Native Glory bright,
 She neither Darkneſs dreads, nor covets Light;
 True to Her-ſelf, and fix't to inborn Laws,
 Nor ſunk by ſpight, nor liſted by Applauſe,
 She from Her ſettled Orb looks calmly down,
 On Life or Death, a Priſon, or a Crown.

(f) *Virtus repulſa nescia ſordida
 Intaminatis fulget Honoribus
 Nec ponit aut ſumit ſecures
 Arbitrio popularis aura.*

When bound in double Chains poor *Belgia* lay
 To foreign Arms, and inward strife a Prey,
 Whilst One Good Man buoy'd up Her sinking State,
 And Virtue labour'd against Fate;
 When fortune basely with ambition joyn'd,
 And all was conquer'd but the *Patriot's* mind,
 When Storms let loose, and raging Seas
 Just ready the torn Vessel to o'erwhelm,
 Forc'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm,
 Nor all the *Syren* Songs of future Peace,
 And dazling Prospect of a promis'd Crown,
 Could lure his stubborn Virtue down;
 But against Charms, and Threats, and Hell, He stood,
 To that which was severely good;
 Then, had no Trophies justified his Fame,
 No Poet blest his Song with *NASSAU's* Name,
 Virtue alone did all That Honour bring,
 And Heaven as plainly pointed out *The KING*,
 As when He at the Altar stood
 In all his Types and Robes of Pow'r,
 Whilst at His Feet Religious *Britain* bow'd,
 And own'd him next to what We there Adore.

IX.

Say joyful *Maeſe*, and *Boyne's* Victorious Flood,
 (For each has mixt his Waves with Royal Blood)
 When *WILLIAM's* Armies paſt, did He retire,
 Or view from far the Battel's diſtant Fire?
 Could He believe His Perſon was too dear?
 Or uſe His Greatneſs to conceal His Fear?
 Could Pray'rs or Sighs the dauntleſs *Heroe* move?
 Arm'd with Heav'n's Juſtice, and His People's Love,
 Through the fiſt Waves He wing'd His Vent'rous Way,
 And on the Adverſe Shore aroſe,
 (Ten thouſand flying Deaths in vain oppoſe)
 Like the great Ruler of the Day,
 With Strength and Swiftneſs mounting from the Seas:
 Like Him all Day He Toil'd, but long in Night,
 The God had eas'd His weary'd light,
 E'er Vengeance left the ſtubborn Foes,
 Or *WILLIAM's* Labours found repoſe;
 When His Troops falter'd, ſtept not He between,
 Reſtor'd the dubious Fight again,
 Mark'd out the Coward that durſt fly,
 And led the fainting Brave to Victory?

Still

Still as she fled Him, did He not o'ertake
 Her doubtful course, still brought Her Bleeding back?
 By his keen Sword did not the boldest fall?
 Was he not King, Commander, Soldier All——?
 His Dangers such, as with becoming Dread,
 His Subjects yet Unborn shall 'Weep to Read;
 And were not those the only Days that e'er
 The Pious Prince refus'd to hear
 His Friends Advices; or His Subjects Pray'r.

X.

Where'er old *Rhine* his fruitful Water turns,
 Or fills his Vassals Tributary Urns;
 To *Belgia's* fav'd Dominions, and the Sea,
 Whose righted Waves rejoyce in *WILLIAM's* sway:
 Is there a Town where Children are not Taught,
 Here *Holland* Prosper'd, for here *ORANGE* Fought,
 Through Rapid Waters, and through flying Fire,
 Here rush'd the Prince; Here made whole *France* retire.—
 By diff'rent Nations be this Valour blest,
 In diff'rent Languages confest,
 And then let *Shannon* Speak the rest:

Let

Let *Shannon* Speak, how on her wond'ring Shore,
 When Conquest hov'ring on his Arms did wait,
 And only ask'd some Lives to Bribe her o'er;
 The God-like Man, the more than Conqueror,
 With high Contempt sent back the specious Bait,
 And Scorning Glory at a Price too great,
 With so much Pow'r, such Piety did joyn,
 As made a Perfect Virtue Soar

A Pitch unknown to Man before,
 And lifted *Shannon's* Waves o'er those of *Boyne*.

XI.

Nor do his Subjects only share
 The Prosp'rous Fruits of his Indulgent Reign;
 His Enemies approve the Pious War,
 Which, with their Weapon, takes away their Chain:
 More than His Sword, His Goodness strikes His Foe
 They Bless His Arms, and Sigh they must oppose
 Justice and Freedom on his Conquests wait,
 And 'tis for Man's Delight that He is Great:
 Succeeding Times shall with long Joy contend,
 If He were more a Victor, or a Friend:

So much His Courage and His Mercy strive,
He Wounds, to Cure ; and Conquers, to Forgive.

XII.

Ye Heroes, that have Fought your Country's Cause,
Redress'd Her Injuries, or Form'd Her Laws,
To my Advent'rous Song just Witness bear,
Assist the Pious Muse, and hear Her Swear,
That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,
But solid Story, and severest Truth,
That WILLIAM Treasures up a greater Name,
Than any Country, any Age, can Boast :

(g) And all that Ancient Stock of Fame
He did from His Fore-Fathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with Inter'it back ;
And in His Constellation does unite
Their scatter'd Rays of Fainter Light :

G Above

(g) *Virtus recludens immeritis Mori
Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ
Cætusque vulgares & udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.*

60 POEMS on several Occasions.

Above or Envy's lash, or Fortun's Wheel,
That settled Glory shall for ever dwell
Above the Rowling Orbs, and common Sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er shall Die.

XIII.

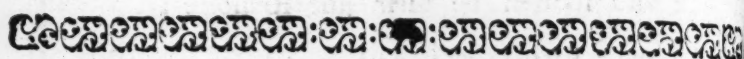
Where Roves the Muse? Where thoughtless to return?
Is her short liv'd Vessel Borne,
By Potent Winds too subject to be tost?
And in the Sea of *WILLIAM*'s Praises lost?
Nor let her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore
Where our abandon'd Youth She sees
Shipwrackt in Luxury, and lost in Ease;
Whom nor *Britannia*'s Danger can alarm,
Nor *WILLIAM*'s Exemplary Virtue warm:
Tell 'em howe'er the *King* can yet Forgive
Their Guilty Sloth, their Homage yet Receive,
And let their wounded Honour live:

But

But sure and sudden be their just Remorse ;
 Swift be their Virtues rise, and strong its Course ; (b)
 For though for certain Years and destin'd Times,
 Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes ;
 Though *Jove* seem'd Negligent of human Cares,
 Nor Scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Prayers.
 His Justice now Demands the equal Scales,
 Sedition is Suppress'd, and Truth Prevails :
 Fate it's great Ends by slow Degrees Attains,
 And *Europe* is Redeem'd, and *WILLIAM* Reigns.

(b) — *Sape Diespiter*
Neglectus incesto addidit Integrum
Rario antecedentem Scelestum
Deferuit Pede poena Claudio.





V E R S E S

Spoke to the

LADY *Henrietta-Cavendish Holles Harley*,

In the LIBRARY of

St. *John's* COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

November the 9th, An. 1719.

MADAM,

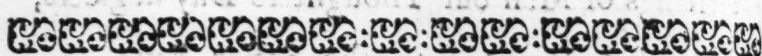
SINCE *ANNA* visited the Muses Seat,
 (Around Her Tomb let weeping Angels wait)
 Hail THOU, the Brightest of thy Sex, and Best
 Most gracious Neighbour, and most welcome Guest
 Not HARLEY's Self to *Cam* and *Isis* dear,
 In Virtues and in Arts great OXFORD's Heir,
 Not HE such present Honours shall receive,
 As to his CONSORT We aspire to give.

242577

Writing

Writings of Men our Thought to Day neglects,
 To pay due Homage to the Softer Sex:
Plato and *Tully* We forbear to read,
 And their great Followers whom this House has
 To study Lessons from Thy Morals given, (bred,
 And shining Characters, impress'd by Heaven.
 Science in Books no longer We pursue,
Minerva's Self in *HARRIET's* Face We view;
 For when with Beauty we can Virtue join,
 We paint the Semblance of a Form Divine.

Their pious Incense let our Neighbours bring,
 To the kind Mem'ry of some bounteous King,
 With grateful Hand, due Altars let Them raise
 To some good Knight's, or holy Prelate's Praise;
 We tune our Voices to a nobler Theme,
 Your Eyes We bless, your Praises We proclaim, }
 St. *John's* was founded in a Woman's Name:
 Enjoin'd by Statute, to the Fair We bow; }
 In Spight of Time, We keep our antient Vow; }
 What *Margaret Tudor* was, is *Harriet Harley* now.



PROLOGUE

TO THE

O R P H A N.

Represented by some of the *Westminster*-Scholars
at *Hickford's* Dancing-Room, the 2d of
February, 1720.

Spoken by the LORD *DUPLIN*, who Acted
C O R D E L I O.

WHAT wou'd my humble Comrades
have Me say?

Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the
Play?

Such Work by hireling Actors shou'd be done,
Whom You may Clap or Hiss, for half a Crown;
Our generous Scenes for Friendship We repeat;
And if We don't delight, at least We treat.

Ours

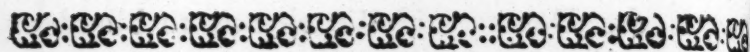
Ours is the Damage, if We chance to blunder;
We may be ask'd whose Patent We act under.

How 'shall We gain you? *A-la-mode de France*?
We hir'd this Room; but none of Us can dance:
In cutting Capers We shall never please:
Our Learning does not lye below our Knees.

Shall We procure You Symphony and Sound?
Then You must Each subscribe Two hundred Pound
There We shou'd fail too, as to Point of Voice:
Mistake Us not; We're no ITALIAN Boys:
True BRITONS born, from *Westminster* We come;
And only speak the Style of ancient ROME.
We wou'd deserve, not poorly beg Applause;
And stand or fall by *Freind's* and *Busby's* Laws.

For the Distress'd Your Pity We implore:
If once refus'd, We trouble You no more,
But leave Our *Orphan* squawling at your Door.

T H E



T H E
CONVERSATION,
A
T A L E.

IT always has been thought discreet,
To know the Company You meet;
And sure there may be secret Danger,
In talking much before a Stranger.
Agreed: What then? Then drink your Ale:
I'll pledge You, and repeat my Tale.

No Matter where the Scene is fixt:
The Persons were but odly mixt;
When Sober DAMON thus began:
(And DAMON is a clever Man)
I now grow Old; but still, from Youth,
Have held for Modesty and Truth:

The

The Men who by these Sea-marks steer,
In Life's great Voyage never Err :
Upon this Point I dare defy
The World : I pause for a Reply.

Sir, Either is a good Assistant :
Said One who sat a little distant :
Truth decks our Speeches and our Books ;
And Modesty adorns our Looks :
But farther Progress We must take,
Not only born to Look and Speak :
The Man must Act. The STAGWRIGHT
Says thus, and says extremely right :
Strict Justice is the Sov'raign Guide,
That o'er our Action shou'd preside ;
This Queen of Virtues is confest,
To regulate and bind the rest.
Thrice Happy, if You once can find
Her equal Balance poize your Mind :

All

68 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

All different Graces soon will enter,
Like Lines concurrent to their Center.

'Twas thus, in short, these Two went on,
With Yea and Nay, and Pro and Con,
Thro' many Points divinely dark,
And WATERLAND assailing CLARKE;
'Till, in Theology half lost,
DAMON took up the Evening-Post;
Confounded SPAIN, compos'd the NORTH,
And deep in Politics held forth.

Methinks We're in the like Condition,
As at the TREATY of PARTITION:
That Stroke, for All King WILLIAM's Care,
Begot another Tedious War;
MATTHEW, who knew the whole Intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd That Mystic League.
In the vile UTRECHT TREATY too,
Poor Man, He found enough to do:

Sometimes

Sometimes to Me He did apply ;
 But down-right Dunstable was I,
 And told Him, where They were mistaken ;
 And counsell'd Him to save his Bacon :
 But (pass His Politics and Prose)
 I never herded with his Foes ;
 Nay, in his Verses, as a Friend,
 I still found Something to commend :
 Sir, I excus'd his NUT-BROWN-MAID ;
 Whate'er severer Critics said :
 Too far, I own, the Girl was try'd :
 The Women All were on my Side.
 For ALMA I return'd Him Thanks :
 I lik'd Her with Her little Pranks :
 Indeed poor SOLOMON in Rhime
 Was much too grave to be Sublime.

PINDAR and DAMON scorn Transition :
 So on He ran a new Division ;

'Till

'Till out of Breath he turn'd to spit :
 (Chance often helps Us more than Wit)
 T'other that lucky Moment took,
 Just nick'd the Time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the Gifts the Gods afford,
 (If we may take old TULLY's Word)
 The greatest is a Friend ; whose Love
 Knows how to praise, and when reprove :
 From such a Treasure never part,
 But hang the Jewel on your Heart :
 And, pray, Sir (it delights Me) tell ;
 You know this Author mighty well——
 Know Him ! d'ye question it ? Ods-fish !
 Sir, does a Beggar know his Dish ?
 I lov'd Him, as I told You, I
 Advis'd Him——Here a Stander-by
 Twitch'd DAMON gently by the Cloak,
 And thus unwilling Silence broke :

DAMON

DAMON, 'tis Time We shou'd retire:
The Man You talk with is MAT. PRIOR.

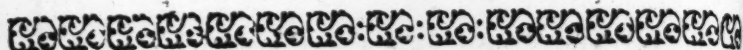
PATRON thro' Life, and from thy Birth my
(Friend,

DORSET, to Thee this Fable let Me send:
With DAMON's Lightness weigh Thy solid Worth;
The Foil is known to set the Diamond forth:
Let the feign'd Tale this real Moral give,
How many DAMONS, how few DORSETS Live.



H

COLIN's



COLIN'S MISTAKES.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER'S Style.

*Me ludit Amabilis
Infania.*

Hor.

I.

FAST by the Banks of *Cam* was *Colin* bred :
 Ye *Nymphs*, for ever guard That sacred Stream,
 To *Wimpole's* woody Shade his Way he sped :
 Flourish those Woods, the *Muses* endless Theme !
 As whilom *Colin* ancient Books had read,
 Lays *Greek* and *Roman* wou'd he oft rehearse,
 And much he lov'd, and much by heart he said
 What Father *Spenser* sung in *British* Verse.
 Who reads that Bard desires like Him to write,
 Still fearful of Success, still tempted by Delight.

II. Soon

II.

Soon as *Aurora* had unbarr'd the Morn,
 And Light discover'd Nature's chearful Face;
 The sounding Clarion, and the sprightly Horn
 Call'd the blyth Huntsmen to the distant Chace.
 Eftsoons They issue forth, a goodly Band;
 The deep-mouth'd Hounds with Thunder rend the Air;
 The fiery Coursers strike the rising Sand;
 Far thro' the Thicket flies the frighted Deer;
 Harley the Honour of the Day supports;
 His Presence glads the Wood; His Orders guide the Sport.

III.

On a fair Palfrey well equip't did sit
 An Amazonian Dame; a scarlet Vest
 For active Horsemanship adaptly fit
 Enclos'd her dainty Limbs; a plumed Crest
 Wav'd o'er her Head; obedient by her Side
 Her Friends and Servants rode; with artful Hand
 Full well knew She the Steed to turn and guide:
 The willing Steed receiv'd her soft Command:
 Courage and Sweetness in her Face were seated;
 Her all Eyes were bent, and all good Wishes waited.

IV.

This seeing, *Colin* thus his *Muse* bespake :
 For alltydes was the *Muse* to *Colin* nigh,
 Ah me too nigh ! Or, *Clio*, I mistake ;
 Or that bright Form that pleaseth so mine Eye,
 Is *Jove's* fair Daughter *Pallas*, gracious Queen
 Of liberal Arts ; with Wonder and Delight
 In *Homer's* Verse we read Her ; well I ween,
 That emulous of his *Grecian* Master's Flight,
 Dan *Spenser* makes the fav'rite Goddess known ;
 When in her graceful Look fair *Britomart* is shown.

V.

At Noon as *Colin* to the Castle came,
 Ope'd were the Gates, and right prepar'd the Feast :
 Appears at Table rich yclad a Dame,
 The Lord's Delight, and Wonder of the Guest.
 With Pearl and Jewels was she sumptuous deckt,
 As well became her Dignity and Place ;
 But the Beholders mought her Gems neglect,
 To fix their Eyes on her more lovely Face,
 Serene with Glory, and with Softness bright :
 O Beauty sent from Heav'n, to cheer the mortal Sight !

IV. Liberal

VI.

Liberal *Munificence* behind her stood ;
 And decent *State* obey'd her high Command ;
 And *Charity* diffuse of native Good
 At once portrays her Mind, and guides her Hand.
 As to each Guest some Fruits She deign'd to list,
 And Silence with obliging Parley broke ;
 How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted Gift ?
 But how more gracious what the Giver spoke ?
 Such Ease, such Freedom did her Deed attend,
 That every Guest rejoic'd, exalted to a Friend.

VII.

Quoth *Colin* ; *Clio*, if my feeble Sense
 Can well distinguish Yon illustrious Dame,
 Who nobly doth such gentle Gifts dispense ;
 In *Latian* Numbers *Juno* is her Name,
 Great Goddess who with Peace and Plenty crown'd,
 To all that under Sky breathe vital Air
 Diffuseth Bliss, and thro' the World around
 Pours wealthy Ease, and scatters joyous Cheer ;
 Certes of Her in semblant Guise I read ;
 Where *Spenser* decks his Lays with *Gloriana's* Deed.

76 POEMS on several Occasions.

VIII.

As *Colin* mus'd at Evening near the Wood;
 A Nymph undress'd, bestemeth, by Him past :
 Down to her Feet her silken Garment flow'd :
 A Ribbon bound and shap'd her slender Waste :
 A Veil dependent from her comely Head,
 And beauteous Plenty of ambrosial Hair,
 O'er her fair Breast and lovely Shoulders spread,
 Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the Air.
 The smiling *Zephyrs* call'd their am'rous Brothers :
 They kiss'd the waving Lawn, and waisted it to Others.

IX.

Daisies and Violets rose, where She had trod ;
 As *Flora* kind her Roots and Buds had sort'd :
 And led by *Hymen*, Wedlock's mystic God,
 Ten thousand *Loves* around the Nymph disported.
 Quoth *Colin* ; now I ken the Goddess bright,
 Whom Poets sing : All human Hearts enthrall'd
 Obey her Pow'r ; her Kindness the Delight
 Of Gods and Men ; great *Venus* She is call'd,
 When *Mantuan Virgil* doth her Charms rehearse ;
Belphebe is her Name, in gentle *Edmund's* Verse.

X. Heard

X.

Heard this the *Muse*, and with a Smile reply'd,
Which shew'd soft Anger mixt with friendly Love :
Twin Sisters still were Ignorance and Pride ;
Can we know Right, 'till Error we remove ?
But *Colin*, well I wist, will never learn :
Who flights his Guide shall deviate from his Way.
Me to have ask'd what Thou could'st not discern,
To Thee pertain'd ; to Me, the Thing to say.
What Heavenly Will from human Eye conceals,
How can the Bard aread, unless the *Muse* reveals ?

XI.

Nor *Pallas* thou, nor *Britomart* hast seen ;
When soon at Morn the flying Deer was chac't :
Nor *Joue's* great Wife, nor *Spenser's* Fairy-Queen
At Noon-tyde dealt the Honors of the Feast :
Nor *Venus*, nor *Belphebe* did'st Thou spy,
The Evening's Glory, and the Grove's Delight.
Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,
That all the Day to knowing Mortals Sight
Bright *Ca'ndish-Holles-Harley* stood confest,
As various Hour advis'd, in various Habit drest.



To the Right Honourable the
Countess Dowager of *DEVONSHIRE*,

O N A

Piece of *WISSIN's*;

Wherein were all her *GRANDSON*s Painted.

W *ISSEN* and *Nature* held a long Contest,
If *She* Created, or *He* Painted best;
With pleasing Thought the wond'rous Combat grew,
She, still form'd *Fairer*, *He*, still *Liker* drew.

In these *Seven-Brethren*, They contended last,
With Art increas'd Their utmost Skill they try'd,

And *Both* well pleas'd, they had *Themselves*, surpass'd
The *Goddess* Triumph'd, and the *Painter* Dy'd.
That *Both*, their Skill to this vast Height did raise,
Be *Ours* the Wonder, and be *Yours* the Praise:
For here, as in some Glass, is well descry'd,
Only *yourself* thus often multiply'd.

When

POEMS *on several Occasions.* 79

When *Heaven* had *Tou* and Gracious *Anna* † made,
What more exalted Beauty could it add ?

Having no nobler Images in Store,
It but kept up to these, nor could do more
Than Copy well, what it well fram'd before.

If in dear *Burleigh's* gen'rous Face we see
Obliging Truth, and handsom Honesty ;
With all that World of Charms, which soon will move
Reverence in Men, and in the Fair-Ones Love :

His every Grace, his fair Descent assures,
He has his Mother's Beauty, *She* has Yours.

If ever *Cecill's* Face had ev'ry Charm
That Thought can Fancy, or that Heaven can Form ;
Their Beauties all become your Beauty's Due,
They are All Fair, because they're all like You :
If ev'ry *Ca'ndish* great and charming Look,
From You that Air, from You the Charms they took.

In Their each Limb, your Image is exprest,
But on their Brow firm Courage stands confest ;

There,

† Eldest Daughter of the COUNTESS.

80 POEMS on several Occasions.

There, their great Father by a strong Increase,
 Adds Strength to Beauty, and compleats the Piece.
 Thus still your Beauty, in your Sons, we view,
Wiffin Seven-Times One great Perfection drew,
 Whoever fate, the Picture still is You.

So when the Parent Sun with genial Beams,
 Has Animated many goodly Gems;
 He sees himself improv'd, while every Stone,
 With a resembling Light, reflects a Sun.

So when great *Rhea* many Births had given,
 Such as might govern Earth, and People Heaven;
 Her Glory grew diffus'd, and fuller known,
 She saw the *Deity* in every Son:
 And to what God foe'er Men Altars rais'd,
 Hon'ring the Off-spring, they the Mother prais'd.
 In short-liv'd Charms let others place their Joys
 Which Sickness blasts, and certain Age destroys:
 Your stronger Beauty, Time can ne'er deface,
 'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your Race.

Ah! *Wiffin*, had thy *Art* been so refin'd,
 As with Their Beauty, to have drawn Their Mind,

Thro'

Thro' circling Years thy Labours would survive,
 And living Rules to fairest Virtue give
 To Men unborn, and Ages yet to live ;
 'Twould still be Wonderful, and still be New,
 Against what Time, or Spite, or Fate could do,
 'Till *Thine* confus'd with *Nature's* Pieces lie,
 And *Cavendish's* Name, and *Cecill's* Honour Die.



The



The Female PHAETON.

I.

THUS *Kitty* * Beautiful and Young,
 And wild as Colt untam'd;
 Bespoke the FAIR from whence she sprung,
 With little Rage inflam'd.

II.

Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,
 Which wise *Mamma* ordain'd;
 And forely vext to play the Saint,
 Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd.

* Lady *Katherine Hyde*, afterwards Lady
Essex. She Died in *France*, *Ann.* 1723.

III.

Shall I thumb Holy-Books, confin'd
With *Abigails* forsaken?
Kitty's for other Things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

IV.

Must Lady *Jenny* † frisk about,
And Visit with her Cousins?
At Balls must *She* make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

V.

What has she *Better* pray, than I?
What *hidden Charms* to boast,
That all Mankind for her shou'd Die,
Whilst I am scarce a Toast?

I

Dearest

† Now Duchess of *Queensberry*.

VI.

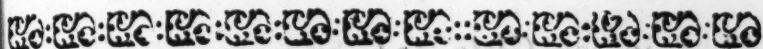
Dearest *Mamma*, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
 I'll have my *Earl*, as well as She,
 Or know the Reason why.

VII.

I'll soon with *Jenny's* Pride quit score,
 Make all her Lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
She, I was loos'd at all.

VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way;
Kitty at Heart's Desire,
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on Fire.



The Judgment of VENUS.

I.

WHen *Kneller's* Works of various Grace,
Were to fair VENUS shown,
The Goddess spy'd in ev'ry Face
Some Features of Her own.

II.

Just so, (and pointing with her Hand) *
So shone, says she my Eyes,
When from *Two Goddesses* I gain'd
An *Apple* for a *Prize*.

I 2

When

* *To Lady RANELAUGH.*

III.

When in the Glass, and River too,

My Face I lately view'd,

Such was I, if the Glass be true,

If true the Chrystal Flood.

IV.

In Colours of This glorious kind *

Apelles painted me ;

My Hair thus flowing with the Wind,

Sprung from my *Native* Sea.

V.

Like This disorder'd, wild, forlorn, †

Big with Ten Thousand Fears,

Thee, my *Adonis*, did I mourn,

Ev'n Beautiful in Tears.

But

* *Lady* SALISBURY.

† *Lady* JANE DOUGLAS, Sister to the Duke of DOUGLAS.

VI.

But viewing *Myra* plac'd apart,
I fear, says she, I fear
Apelles, that Sir *Godfrey's* Art
Has far surpass'd Thine here.

VII.

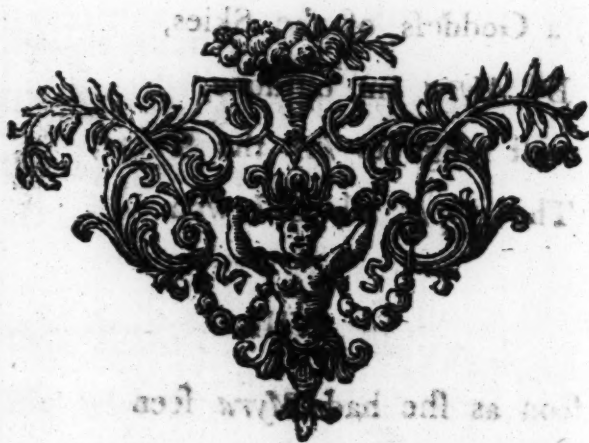
Or I, a Goddess of the Skies,
By *Myra* am outdone,
And must resign to her the Prize,
The *Apple*, which I won:

VIII.

But soon as she had *Myra* seen
Majestically Fair,
The sparkling Eye, the Look serene,
The gay and easy Air.

IX.

With fiery Emulation fill'd,
 The wond'ring Goddess cry'd,
Apelles, must to *Kneller* yield,
 Or *Venus* must to *HYDE*.



SONG



SONG.

I.

WHilst I am scorch'd with hot Desire,
In vain, cold Friendship you return;
Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

II.

Ah! wou'd you have the Flame suppress
That kills the Heart it heats too fast,
Take half my Passion to your Breast,
The rest in mine shall ever last.

T H E



THE
Curious MAID:
A
T A L E.

In Imitation of Mr. PRIOR.

By HILDEBRAND JACOB, *Esq;*

Obstupuit; Steteruntque Comæ,

BEAUTY's a gaudy Sign, no more,
To tempt the Gazer to the Door;
Within the Entertainment lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus CLOE beautiful, and gay,
 As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
 Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er
 Her Conquests of the Day before.

And what's this *hidden Charm*? (she cry'd)
 And spurn'd th'embracing Cloaths aside
 From Limbs of such a Shape, and Hue,
 As TITIAN's Pencil never drew,
 Resolv'd the *Dark Abode* to trace
 Of Female Honour, or Disgrace,
 Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,
 And often slumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt She makes, and buckles to
 With all her Might; but 'twou'd not do:
 Still, as She bent, the *Part-requir'd*,
 As conscious of its Shame, retir'd,

What's to be done? We're all aground!
 Some other Method must be found-----
 Water NARCISSUS' Face cou'd show,
 And why not CLOE's Charms below?

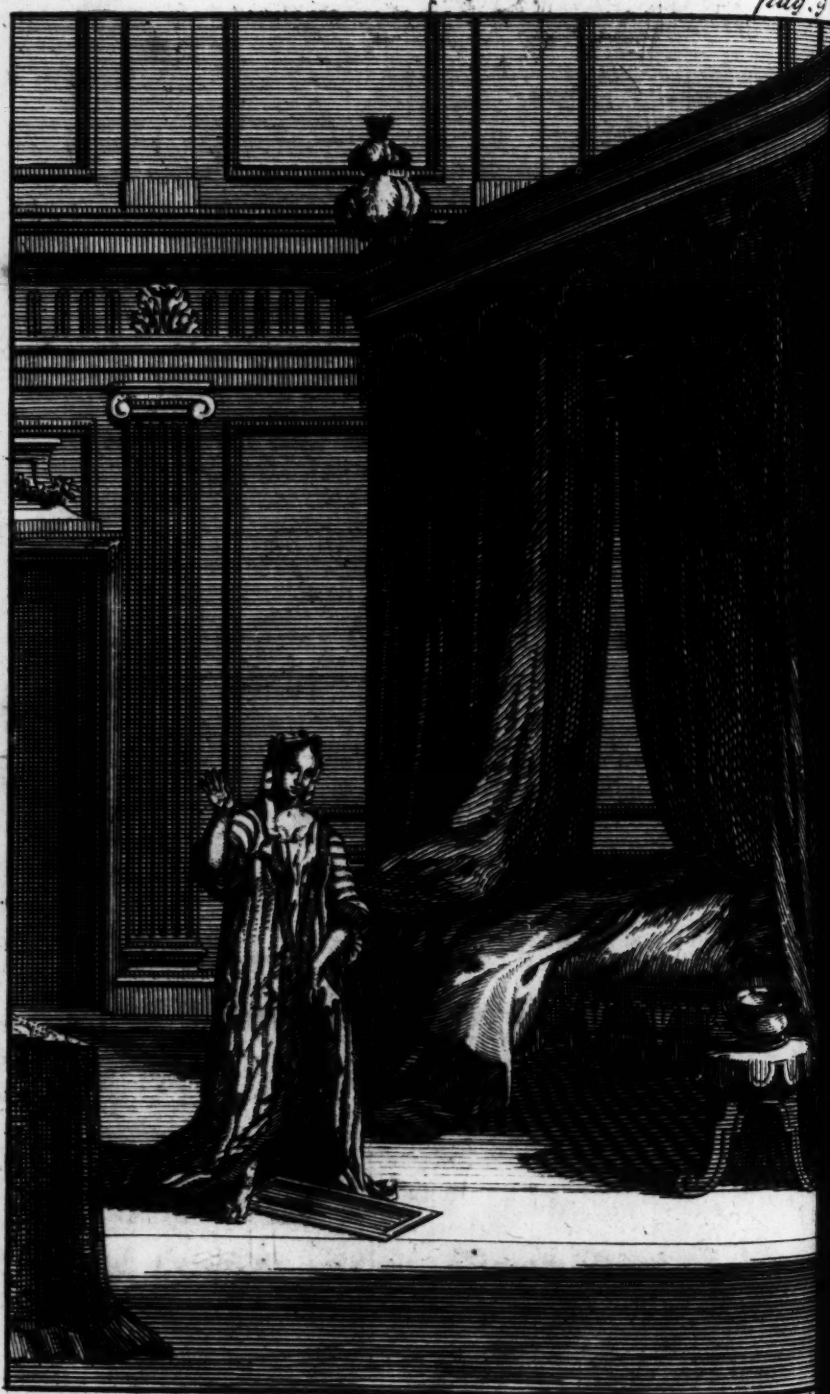
Big with this Project, She applies
 The JORDAN to her Virgin Thighs ;
 But the dull *Lake* her Wish denies.

What Luck is here? We're foil'd again!
 The DEVIL's *in the Dice*, that's plain!
 No *Chymist* e'er was so perplex'd ;
 No jilted *Coxcomb* half so vex'd ;
 No *Bard*, whose gentler Muse excels
 At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epsom-Wells*,
 Ordain'd, by PHOEBUS special Grace,
 To sing the Beauties of the Place,
 E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
 To tagg his fav'rite Simile.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
 When Remedies are near at Hand!
 For lo! the *Glass*—ay, that indeed!
 'Tis ten to one we now succeed!
 To this Relief She flies amain,
 And straddles o'er the shining Plain,

}}

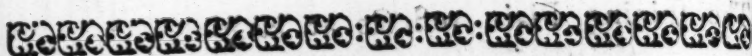
The



The shining Plain reflects at large
 All DAMON'S Wish and CLOE'S Charge,
 The Curious MAID in deep Surprize,
 On the Grim Feature fix'd her Eyes:
 Far less amaz'd ÆNEAS stood,
 When by Avernus sacred Flood,
 He saw Hell's-Portal fring'd with Wood.

And is this ALL, is this (She cry'd)
 Man's great Desire, and Woman's Pride ;
 The Spring whence flows the Lover's Pain,
 The Ocean where 'tis lost again,
 By Fate for ever doom'd to prove
 The Nursery and Grave of Love?
 O Thou of dire and horrid Mien,
 And always better *felt* than *seen*!
 Fit Rapture for the gloomy Night,
 O, never more approach the *Light* !
 Like other MYST'RIES, Men Adore,
 Be hid to be rever'd the more!

T H E



T H E
B U B B L E:

A
T A L E.

By Dean SWIFT.

*Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto,
Arma Virum, Tabulaeq; & Troia Gaza per undas.*

Virg

YE wise Philosophers explain
What Magick makes our Money rise,
When dropt into the Southern Main;
Or do these Juglers cheat our Eyes?

Put in your Money fairly told;
Presto begone——'Tis here agen:
Ladies, and Gentlemen, behold,
Here's ev'ry Piece as big as Ten.

Thus in a Basin drop a Shilling,
Then fill the Vessel to the Brim;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The Pond'rous Metal seems to swim:

It rises both in Bulk and Height,
Behold it mounting to the Top;
The liquid Medium cheats your Sight,
Behold it swelling like a Sop.

In Stock Three Hundred Thousand Pounds;
I have in view a Lord's Estate:
My Mannors all contiguous round;
A Coach and Six, and serv'd in Plate!

K

Thus

Thus the deluded Bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a desp'rate Bett;
Then plunges in the *Southern* Waves,
Dipt over Head and Ears---in Debt.

So, by a Calenture misled,
The Mariner with Rapture sees,
On the smooth Ocean's azure Bed,
Enamel'd Fields, and verdant Trees.

With eager Haste he longs to rove
In that fantastick Scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted Grove;
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Two hundred Chariots just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring Waves,
The Horses drown'd, the Harness broke,
And here the Owners find their Graves.

Like *Pharaoh* by *Directors* led,
They with their *Spoils* went safe before,
His Chariots tumbling out, the Dead
Lay shatter'd on the *Red-Sea* Shore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aspiring Plumes,
The young Advent'rer o'er the Deep
An Eagle's Flight and State assumes,
And scorns the middle Way to keep:

On *Paper* Wings he takes his Flight,
With *Wax* the *Father* bound them fast;
The *Wax* is melted by the Height,
And down the tow'ring Boy is cast.

A Moralist might here explain
The Rashness of the *Cretan* Youth,
Describe his Fall into the Main,
And from a Fable form a Truth.

98 POEMS on several Occasions.

His *Wings* are his *Paternal Rent*,
 He melts his *Wax* at ev'ry *Flame*;
 His *Credit* sunk, his *Money* spent,
 In *Southern-Seas* he leaves his *Name*.

Inform us, You, that best can tell,
 Why in yon' dang'rous *Gulph* profound,
 Where *Hundreds* and where *Thousands* fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *Wise* are drown'd.

So have I seen from *Severn's* Brink
 A Flock of *Geese* jump down together:
 Swim where the Bird of *Jove* wou'd sink,
 And swimming, never wet a Feather.

But I affirm, 'tis false in Fact,
Directors better know their *Tools*;
 We see the *Nation's* *Credit* crackt,
 Each *Knave* hath made a *Thousand* *Fools*.

One Fool may from another win,
And then get off with Money stor'd;
But if a *Sharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the Board.

As Fishes on each other prey,
The Great Ones swallow up the Small;
So fares it in the *Southern* Sea:
But Whale *Directors* eat up All.

When *Stock* is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their Offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a Million in his Coffers.

So when upon a Moon-shine Night,
An *Ass* was drinking at a Stream;
A Cloud arose, and stopt the Light,
By intercepting ev'ry Beam.

100 POEMS on several Occasions.

The Day of Judgment will be soon,
Cries out a Sage among the Croud;
An Afs hath swallow'd up the Moon:
The Moon lay safe behind the Cloud.

Each poor *Subscriber* to the Sea,
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their Fall is but a Trick to rise.

So Fishes rising from the Main,
Can soar with moisten'd Wings on high;
The Moisture dry'd, they sink again,
And dip their Fins again to fly.

Undone at Play, the Female-Troops
Come here their Losses to retrieve;
Ride -o'er the Waves in spacious Hoops,
Like *Lapland* Witches in a Sieve.

Thus

Thus *Venus* to the Sea descends,
As Poets feign; but where's the Moral?
It shews the Queen of Love intends
To search the Deep for Pearl and Coral.

The Sea is richer than the Land,
I heard it from my Grannam's Mouth;
Which now I clearly understand,
For by the Sea she meant the South.

Thus by *Directors* we are told,
Pray, Gentlemen, believe your Eyes;
Our Ocean's cover'd o'er with Gold,
Look round about how thick it lies:

We, Gentlemen, are your *Affixers*,
We'll come and hold you by the Chin;
Alas! all is not Gold that glitters:
Ten Thousand sunk by leaping in.

O ! would these Patriots be so kind,
Here in the Deep to wash their Hands ;
Then, like *Pactolus* we should find,
The Sea indeed had *Golden Sands*.

A *Shilling* in the Bath you fling,
The Silver takes a nobler Hue,
By Magick Virtue in the Spring,
And seems a *Guinea* to your View :

But as a *Guinea* will not pass
At Market for a *Farrthing* more ;
Shewn thro' a multiplying Glass,
Than what it always did before :

So cast it in the *Southern Seas*,
And view it through a *Jobber's Bill* ;
Put on what Spectacles you please,
Your *Guinea's* but a *Guinea* still.

One Night a Fool into a Brook,
Thus from a Hillock looking down;
The *Golden-Stars* for *Guineas* took,
And *Silver-Cynthia* for a Crown:

The Point he could no longer doubt,
He ran, he leapt into the Flood;
There sprawl'd awhile, at last got out,
All cover'd o'er with Slime and Mud.

Upon the Water cast thy Bread,
And after many Days thou'lt find it;
But Gold upon this Ocean spread,
Shall sink, and leave no Mark behind it.

There is a Gulph where Thousands fell,
Here all the bold Advent'ers came;
A narrow Sound, though deep as Hell,
Change-Alley is the dreadful Name:

Nine times a Day it ebbs and flows,
 Yet he that on the Surface lies,
 Without a Pilot seldom knows
 The Time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by Thousands float,
 And jostle one another down ;
 Each padding in his leaky Boat,
 And here they fish for *Gold*, and drown.

** Now bury'd in the Depth below,*
Now mounted up to Heaven again ;
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their Wits-end, like Drunken Men.

Mean time secure on † *Garr'way* Cliffs,
 A Savage Race by Shipwrecks fed,
 Lie waiting for the founder'd Skiffs,
 And strip the Bodies of the Dead.

** Psalm 107. † Coffee-House in Change-Alley.*

But these, you say, are factious Lyes,
From some malicious Tory's Brain;
For, where *Directors* get a Prize,
The *Swiss* and *Dutch* whole Millions drain.

Thus when by Rooks a Lord is ply'd,
Some Cully often wins a Bett,
By vent'ring on the cheating Side,
Tho' not into the Secret let.

While some build Castles in the Air,
Directors build 'em in the Seas;
Subscribers plainly see 'em there,
For Fools will see as Wife-Men please.

Thus oft by Mariners are shown,
Unless the Men of *Kent* are Lyars,
Earl *Godwin's* Castles overflown,
And Castle-Roofs, and Steeple-Spires.

Mark

Mark where the fly *Directors* creep,
Nor to the Shore approach too nigh;
The Monsters nestle in the Deep,
To seize you in your passing by:

Then, like the Dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who taught, by Instinct, how to shun
The Crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by Magick Charms,
Recover Strength whenever he fell;
Alcides held him in his Arms,
And sent him up in Air to Hell.

Directors thrown into the Sea,
Recover Strength and Vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for a while in Air.

Directors

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long Experience we have found
What Planet rul'd when you were born;
We see you never can be drown'd:

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your Cully's Reach;
For if the Sea shou'd sink so low,
To leave you dry upon the Beach;

You'll owe your Ruin to your Bulk;
Your Foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd Hulk,
While you lie helpless on the Sand.

Thus when a Whale hath lost the Tide,
The Coasters croud to seize the Spoil;
The Monster into Parts divide,
And strip the Bone, and melt the Oil.

O! may some *Western* Tempest sweep
 These *Locusts*, whom our Fruits have fed,
 That Plague, *Directors*, to the Deep,
 Driven from the *South-Sea* to the *Red*.

May He, whom Nature's Laws obey,
 Who *lifts* the Poor, and *sinks* the Proud,
Quiet the Raging of the Sea,
 And *still the Madness of the Croud.*

But never shall our Isle have Rest,
 Till those devouring *Swine* run down,
 (*The Devils leaving the Possess*)
 And *headlong in the Waters drown.*

The Nation then too late will find,
 Computing all their Cost and Trouble,
Directors Promises but Wind,
South-Sea at best a mighty *Bubble.*

T H E
NIGHTINGALE

Imitated

From *STRADA*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THis little Piece of *Strada*, written after the Manner and Style of *Claudian*, is very justly commended for its happy Beauties.

Upon Reading the excellent Tale of the *Turtle* and *Sparrow*, I was so particularly pleased, that I could not, in justice to my own Admiration, forbear an Imitation of the *Nightingale*, and the rather, because Mr. PRIOR has so elegantly mentioned it.

A Translation I durst not aim at, lest, notwithstanding the Conquest, I should fall as far short, as the Musician did of the Bird in the *Original*.

W. PATTISON



The *Nightingale*.

AS PHOEBUS darted forth a milder Ray,
And length'ning Shades confess'd the shortning Day;
To *Tyber's* Banks repair'd an am'rous Swain,
The Love and Envy of the Neighb'ring Plain,
To cool his Heat he sought the breezy Grove,
To cool his Heat, but more the Heat of Love;
To sooth his Cares on a soft *Lute* he play'd,
But the soft *Lute* refresh'd the lovely *Maid* :
Conspiring *Elms* their Umbrage shed around,
Wav'd with Applause, and listen'd to the Sound.

Sweet *Philomel* the Chorister of Love,
The musical Enchantress of the Grove,
With Wonder heard the Shepherd as he play'd,
And stole attentive to the tuneful Shade ;

112 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

Perch'd o'er his Head the *Sylvan* Siren fate,
 With Envy burning, and with Pride elate.
 Ambitiously she lent a list'ning Ear,
 Charm'd with the very Sounds, she Dy'd to hear.

Each Note, each flowing Accent of the Song
 She sooth'd, and sweeten'd with her softer Tongue;
 Gently refin'd each imitated Strain,
 And paid Him with his Harmony again.

The Shepherd wonder'd at the just Replies,
 At first mistaken for the vocal Breeze;
 But when he found his little Rival near,
 Imbibing Music both at Eye and Ear;
 With a sublimer Touch he swept the *Lute*,
 A Summons to the musical Dispute;
 The Summons she receiv'd, resolv'd to try,
 And daring warbled out a bold Reply.

Now sweetest Thoughts the gentle Swain inspire,
 And with a Dying Softness Tune the Lyre,
 Echo the vernal Music of the Woods,
 Warble the Murmurs of the falling Floods;

Thus

Thus sweet he Sings, but sweetly sings in vain,
For *Philomela* breathes a softer Strain;
With easier Art She modulates each Note,
More nat'ral Music melting in her Throat.

Much he admir'd the Magic of her Tongue,
But more to find his *Lute* and *Art* outdone;
And now to loftier Airs he tunes the Strings,
And now to loftier Airs his Echo Sings;
Tho' loud as Thunder, tho' as swift as Thought,
She reach'd the swelling, caught the flying Note;
In trembling Treble, now in solemn Base,
She show'd how Nature cou'd his Art surpass.

Amaz'd, at length with Rage the Shepherd burn'd,
His Admiration into Anger turn'd;
Inflam'd, with emulating Pride he stood,
And thus defy'd the Charmer of the Wood,

And wilt Thou still my Music imitate?
Then see Thy Folly, and Thy Task is great:
For, know, more pow'rful Lays remain unsung,
Lays far Superiour to that mimic Tongue,

114 POEMS on several Occasions.

If not, this *Lute*, this vanquish'd *Lute*, I swear,
Shall never more delight the ravish'd Ear ;
But, broke in scatter'd Fragments, strew the Plain,
And mourn the Glories which it cou'd not gain.

He said, and as he said, his Soul on Fire,
With a disdainful Air he struck the Lyre ;
Quick to the Touch the Tides of Music flow,
Swell into Strength, or melt away in Woe :
Now raise the shrilling Trumpet's clanging Jar,
And imitated Thunders rouse the War ;
Now soft'ning Sounds, and Sadly-pleasing Strains
Breathe out the Lover's Joys, and Lover's Pains.

He Sung ; and ceas'd her Rival Notes to hear,
As his dy'd list'ning in the ambient Air.

But now, too late ! her noble Folly found,
Sad *Philomela* stood subdu'd by Sound ;
Tho' vanquish'd, yet with gen'rous Ardour fill'd,
Ignobly still she scorn'd to quit the Field :
But slowly faint her pensive Accents flow,
Weaken'd with Grief, and overcharg'd with Woe :

Again

Again she Tunes her Voice, again she Sings,
Strains ev'ry Nerve, and quivers on her Wings,
In vain ! her sinking Spirits fade away,
And in a tuneful Agony decay ;
Dying she fell, and as the Strains expire,
Breath'd out her Soul in Anguish on the Lyre :
Dissolv'd in Transport, she resign'd her Breath,
And gain'd a living Conquest by her Death.



T H E

T H E
COURT of VENUS,
From C L A U D I A N.

By the SAME.

W Here the fair *Paphian* Goddess keeps her
(Court,
Where the Loves wanton, and the Graces
(Sport;

A tow'ring Mountain lifts its lofty brow,
And leans with pleasure on the Plains below;
O'er distant, blue, retiring Hills surveys
Its shadow floating in *Jonian* Seas;
The Top impervious, all Access denies,
Tires the faint Foot, and dims the dizzy Eyes:
No fierce inclement *Winter* shivers here,
No blasting Seasons nip the bloomy Year,
No smoking Mists, nor foggy Damps arise,
Hang o'er the Hills, or sail along the Skies;

But

But an untainted *Æther* smiles serene,
And sheds its Inf'ence on the shining Scene;
Eternal sweets the wafting Breezes bring,
And whisper out an everlasting Spring.

The pleasurable Mountain by Degrees,
Sinks in a Level, to salute your Eyes :
Where Joy, succeeding Joy, for ever new,
For ever rising to the ravish'd View ;
The wond'ring fight with sweet Amusement leads
Thro' golden Groves, and ever-living Meads.

These were the Gifts, his Gratitude to prove,
VULCAN bestow'd upon the *Queen* of Love ;
For these, the *Queen* of Love resign'd her Charms,
And over-fold the Heaven in her Arms.

Here a soft Grove its cooling Shade affords,
Fann'd by the Music of the vocal Birds ;
To this the *Sylvan* Choristers resort,
Hop on the Boughs, or to the Breezes sport :
The *Queen* of Love amid the tuneful Throng,
With graceful smiles rewards each fav'rite Song ;

Elects

118 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

Elects the worthy Tenant of the Grove,
And dedicates Him to the God of Love.

Embow'ring Trees the mingled Shade compose,
That imitates the Fair, for whom it grows ;
With complicating *Poplars*, *Poplars* twine,
With spreading *Aldars*, spreading *Aldars* join :
Majestic *Elms* with bending Foliage flow,
Float in green Waves, and fan the Shades below,
The Shades below the cooling Gale receive,
And rising with the cooling Gale revive.

Two different Rivers murmur thro' the Grove,
Two fatal Contrarieties in Love !
This, sweet as mutual Joys in youthful Veins,
That, bitter as a dying Lover's Pains ;
Conscious, the Streams each other seem to shun,
But in *Meander's* lost, too soon are One :
Dipt in these fabled Waves, Love's fatal Dart
Stings the distracted Soul to sooth the Heart :
To these his Shafts their double Power owe,
Soft pleasing Joys, and sad consuming woe !

Rang'd

Rang'd on the Banks, the little Loves resort,
 Plight fancy'd Oaths, and bend their Bows in sport:
 Those tender Nymphs produc'd a blooming Race,
 And left their Virgin Image on their Face;
 Their ruddy Cheeks their Parents Charms proclaim,
 Alike their Habit, and their Look the same.
 O'er all these Troops presides the God of Love,
 A God whom all the Gods revere Above;
 Sprung from the Mother, and the Queen of Charms,
 He shines distinguish'd in superior Arms:
 His potent Pow'r ev'n *Deities* controuls,
 And awes the Thunderer that awes the Poles;
 On Earth he triumphs o'er a Monarch's Cares,
 And blasts the Laurel which the Lightning spares:
 In Woods and Groves th' inferiour Archers reign,
 Contented with the Conquests of the Plain.

Close in the Streams, in fatal Pomp array'd,
 Love's wild romantic Equipage is laid;
 Here lawless Liberty for ever roves,
 For ever Riots in excess of Loves;

M

Inflam'd

120 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

Inflam'd with Wine, distracted Rage appears,
 But soon dissolves in self-accusing Tears;
 Here, warming Whispers propagate Replies,
 Sweet melting Murmurs soft consenting Sighs;
 With all the Eloquence that Hearts confess,
 With all the Harmony that Eyes express:
 There, young Desires, their tasted Joys pursue,
 Pleas'd with the past, and panting for the new;
 While strange Chimeras on a sudden rise,
 Shift the false Scene, and intercept their Eyes;
 Tormenting Jealousies, uneasy Cares,
 Dissembling Hopes, imaginary Fears;
 Accusing Crimes of ill-requited Love,
 And breaking Vows re-echo thro' the Grove:
 Full in the midst, with nice-becoming Grace,
 Stood Youth, too conscious of his comely Face;
 Proud of his nervous Strength, and vig'rous Veins,
 With Pain his Blood the luscious Tide contains;
 With haughty smiles he mocks declining Age,
 His starv'd Enjoyments, and dissembled Rage:
 The wither'd Wretch avoids him with remorse,
 And sickens at the thought of what he was.

Proud

Proud o'er the Groves, a glitt'ring Dome ascends,
 Rich with the Labours of *Vulcanian* Hands;
 Thro' the green Ranks the darting Lustre gleams,
 And the Shades kindle with reflecting Flames;
 This Master-piece of Skill the *Lemnian* God
 On his fair Spouse a worthy Gift bestow'd:
 Immortal Monuments of Art support
 The vast Foundations of each ample Court;
 On Diamond-Pillars, Diamond-Pillars rise,
 At once invade, and emulate the Skies;
 Pelucid Crystal clarifies each Stone,
 And by excluding make a double Sun;
 In Oval-steps the rising Topaz roll'd,
 Gleams by Reflexion on the val'ving Gold;
 Each Stone conspires its emulating Rays,
 Glitter the Beryls, and the Rubies blaze;
 Carv'd Saphirs meet in undulating Flame,
 And drink the lucid Amber's fainter Stream.

Here, spacious Greens, refreshing Areas rise,
 And with a milder Scene refresh the Eyes;

122 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

Thro' *Cassia* Groves ambrosial Breezes breathe,
And steal the aromatic sweets beneath;
There, soft inferiour Shades of *Myrtles* grow,
And *Lillies* blushing as the *Roses* glow;
Dissolv'd with Joy the trickling *Balm* runs o'er,
And the sweet Tears distill at ev'ry Pore.

But now his Journey pass'd the *God of Love*,
With eager Joy approach'd his native Grove;
And now he reassumes a solemn Pace,
He moves with Majesty, and looks with Grace.

It happen'd then with future Joys elate,
His Goddess-Mother at her Toilet fate;
On either side th' *Idalian* Sisters stand,
Proud of the smiling Goddess's Command;
These scatter Odours o'er the fragrant Fair,
Those thread the mazy Tendrils of her Hair.
Some exercise the fine correcting Comb,
Smooth the soft Curls, and call the Straglers home:
The comely Fav'rites by a nice Design,
They leave to sport, and wanton in the Wind;

The comely Fav'rites with adorning Grace,
Wave on the Breeze, and flow upon her Face.
With cooling Airs create an easy Pride,
And but increase the Charms they strive to hide;
No Glasses here, deluding Lights supply,
The brilliant Diamond guides the judging Eye :
For as the Goddess moves, new Mirours rise,
And catch augmenting Splendors from her Eyes;
As to the multiplying Stones she turns,
On all she dances, and on all she burns.

But lo ! a sudden Scene of Glory fires
Her rising Soul, and breathes more gay desires ;
Her Son's reflected Image she surveys,
With trembling Joy she turns to prove the Rays ;
But turning conscious of her only Son,
Into the bloomy Boy's Embraces run ;
Receives him panting at unfolding Charms,
And hugs the little Darling in her Arms.



The STORY of ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

Translated from VIRGIL's Fourth BOOK
of the GEORGICS.

By the SAME.

Incens'd the raging Prophet * thus replies,
Gnashes his Teeth, and rolls his azure Eyes.

No common Vengeance does your Crimes pursue,
Your Crimes which well deserve their fatal due :
But humbly supplicate immortal Hate,
And wisely shun the threat'ning Rage of Fate :
O ! think on ORPHEUS, and his injur'd Spouse,
And mark the cruel Author of their Woes :
When lawless Lust inflam'd the boiling Blood,
To chase the flying *Fair* along the Flood.
Think how the *Snake* in verdant ambush laid,
Unwarily surpriz'd the panting Maid.

* PROTEUS.

- Shrieking

Shrieking she fell, resign'd her fainting Breath,
 And fought the kinder Arms of icy Death ;
 The Nymphs, the Swains, the dying Virgin mourn'd,
 The River *Deities* the Grief return'd ;
 The *Winds* with sympathizing Sorrow sigh'd,
 And the sad *Streams* their trickling Tears supply'd.

The wretched Husband hopeless of Relief,
 In tuneful Anguish fought to soothe his Grief ;
 But rising Sorrows all his Thoughts controul,
 Flow in his Eyes, and melt his soft'ning Soul ;
 In plaintive Strains he mourns his Consort gone,
 Sighs to the rising, and the setting Sun ;
 Till wildly lost in Solitude and Woe,
 Raving he sought the dreary Shades below ;
 Adventrous by Despair, and dar'd to tread
 The melancholly Mansions of the Dead :
 With Songs to supplicate th' infernal Pow'r,
 And soothe the *God* who ne'er was sooth'd before.

Lur'd by the Magic of the sacred sound,
 Swift gliding Crouds of Spectres hover round ;

Thick,

126 POEMS on several Occasions.

Thick, as when Fowls obscure the Ev'ning Air,
And to their Groves in feather'd Clouds repair :
Men, Matrons, Maids, a visionary Throng,
Surround the Poet, and imbibe his Song ;
With all those Multitudes of empty Ghosts,
Where *Stygian* Streams surround the squallid Coasts ;
Heedless their sad unhappy Fate to moan,
They make another's Misery their own.

Ev'n Hell it-self, with all its Fiends was charm'd,
Its Terrors soften'd, and its Rage disarm'd ,
The grinning Guardian held his triple Tongue,
And fawning kiss'd the Poet as he Sung ;
The very Furies heard away their Pains,
And found their own too weak for Music's Chains :
IXION his eternal Toils forewent,
And list'ning on his rolling Labour leant.

But now the tuneful Bard his Bride restor'd,
Back to the Realms of Day the Path explor'd ;
He led the Way, and slowly follow'd She,
Subsequent to *PROSERPINA's* Decree ;

For if before the gloomy Shades were past,
 He turn'd to look, the look must be his last ;
 A Fault which Hell might pass in silence by,
 Cou'd Hell behold it with a Lover's Eye.
 And now near travers'd o'er the Realms of Night,
 They rose emergent on the Beams of Light ;
 When the poor Youth unfortunately kind,
 Cast a too fond conductive Glance behind ;
 But as he turn'd, three Peals of Thunder spoke,
 The dire conditional Promise broke ;
 While thus the sadly, sweet, reproving Maid,
 Bespoke the Youth by too much Love betray'd.

Unhappy ORPHEUS ! ah unhappy Boy !
 What made thee thus to blast our bloomy Joy ?
 Alas ! for ever lost, I leave thee now !
 This parting Kiss to soothe eternal Woe.——
 Farewel,—dim Shades of Horror round me rise,
 And sudden Night o'erwhelms my swimming Eyes.

She said, and as she said, in Shades withdrew,
 From his deluded Arms the Vision flew ;

With

128 POEMS *on several Occasions.*

With strict Embrace in vain he stops her stay,
 Dissolv'd to Air, unfelt she glides away ;
 In vain he seeks her with incessant Eyes,
 In vain invokes her with imploring Cries ;
 What cou'd he do? all Efforts are too late,
 Again her Soul is summon'd down by Fate ;
 Th' infernal Ferry-man relents no more,
 And ev'n his Music now forgets its Pow'r.

Sev'n Months, by Fame's Report the lonesom Swain,
 Devoted to his Melancholly Pain ;
 Where *Scythian* Hills are bleak with plummy Snow,
 And shiver in the frigid Flood below ;
 In Soul-restoring Strains he sought Relief,
 Distracted with Indulgency of Grief ;
 In Strains that the *Carulean* Mountains charm'd,
 And their eternal Frosts with Pity warm'd :
 The list'ning Savages his Pow'r confess'd,
 Their Rage he sooth'd, but cou'd not soothe his Breast.

As the lamenting *Nightingale* complains
 Of cruel Spoilers, and destructive Swains ;
 When sad she sees her Younglings borne away,
 Her downy Darlings, an inhuman Prey !

Sunk in some Gloom the darkling pines alone,
Sighs out her Grief, and murmurs out her moan.

Thus ORPHEUS sought to calm his peaceless Breast,
A Stranger to the Quietude of Rest ;
Now wildly tortur'd by despair he goes,
O'er drifted Mountains of eternal Snows,
Delighted to the barren Rocks to tell
The rigorous Benevolence of Hell ;
Averse to VENUS, and the nuptial Joys,
In unavailing Grief his Life destroys ;
'Till frantic BACHANALS that vainly strove
To warm his Bosom with a second Love.
With Rage, Revenge, and brutal Fury arm'd,
(More Savage than those Savages he charm'd)
Conspir'd against his Life, the Bard they shew,
And on cold *Heber's* Streams his Head they threw ;
Yet ev'n in Death his Voice bewails his Woe,
And with the Streams his tuneful Sorrows flow ;
EURYDICE his dying Tongue deplores,
EURYDICE resounds along the length'ning Shores.

F I N I S.



T H E
H I N D
A N D T H E
P A N T H E R
T R A N S V E R S ' D
T O
The S T O R Y of
The *Country-Mouse*,
A N D
The *City-Mouse*.

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit.

Hind. Pan.

Nec vult Panthera de mari.

Que Genus.

L O N D O N:

Re-printed in the Year, MDCCXXV.

HIND

THE



THE

THE

th
in
be
R
A
T
th
tu
Fi
to
pi
ta
th
be
ca



T H E
P R E F A C E.



THE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best Things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesque'd, and Virgil Travested without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be an exact Poem, though 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and This naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design, Is it not as easie to imagine two Mice bilking Coachmen, and supping at the Devil; as to suppose a Hind entertaining the Panther at a Hermit's Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the

N 2

Rules

The P R E F A C E.

Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries; where they wrote in Signs and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the vulgar into understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to mankind; they would not say that the Daw who was so proud of her borrow'd Plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the bock but the 17th, 24th, and 25th Chapters, which she stole from him: But this is his new way of telling a story, and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

*Before the word Was written, said the Hind,
Our Saviour Preacht the Faith to all Mankind.*

*What relation has the Hind to our Saviour?
or what notion have we of a Panther's Bible? If
you say he means the Church, how does the Church
feed on Lions, or range in the Forest? Let it
be always a Church, or always the cloven footed
Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the scene
every*

The P R E F A C E.

every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the strain of a Hero, or a Country Wench use the language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther; To bring 'em in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Though as to the Arguments themselves, those, we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Beasts, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these Matters, she would talk at that Rate.

As to the Absurdity of his expressions, there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the terms are sometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledge misunderstood is not at all better sense than Understanding misunderstood, though 'tis confess't the Author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

There are other mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any man could censure the Turks for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any man who had not renounced his Senses, should read Duncomb for Allen. He had

been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, That that magnified Piece of Duncomb's was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez, and to

Difference betwixt a Protestant and Socinian, p. 62.

The PREFACE.

set it beyond dispute, makes the Infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There are few mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, or at least what he aim'd at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen? do they so much as Rhime? Page 92.

We may have this comfort under the severity of his Satire, to see his Abilities equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother Hind; she Disciplin'd him severely, she commanded him it seems, to Sacrifice his darling Fame, and to do it effectually he publish'd this learned Piece. Page 90.

This is the favourable Construction we would put on his faults, tho' he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural Propensity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mischief.

What else could provoke him to Libel the Court, Blastheme Kings, abuse the whole Scotch Nation, rail at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only establish'd Religion? And we must now Congratulate him in this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not abused. Pref. Page 87.

Thus far his Arms have with Success been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels, look to themselves, he has already begun the War upon them. When
once

The P R E F A C E.

once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second Almanzor, change sides meerly to keep his hand in ure. This Heroick temper of his, has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect His stility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Perswasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no man is here concern'd, but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.

L O N D O N,

1687.



T H E

THE F. R. F. E.

...one ...
...one ...
...one ...
...one ...
...one ...

...one ...
...one ...
...one ...
...one ...
...one ...

...one ...
...one ...
...one ...
...one ...
...one ...



THE

F

H
Z
com
for
Roy
nor
F
affau
my

T H E
H I N D
A N D T H E
P A N T H E R,

Transvers'd
To the Story of the
Country and the City-Mouse.

Bayes. Johnson. Smith.

Johnson.

H A H! my old Friend Mr. *Bayes*, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your peril, Sir, stand off and come not within my Sword's point, for if you are not come over to the Pref. p. 1. Royal party, I expect neither fair war, nor fair quarter from you.

Johns. How, draw upon your friend? and assault your old Acquaintance? O' my conscience my intentions were Honourable.

Bayes.

The HIND and

Bayes. Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough, let
Pref. ib. me have the marks of your Conscience before I trust it, for if it be not of the stamp with mine, 'Gad I may be knockt down for all your fair promises.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany hast thou been about, that thou'rt under these apprehensions? upon my Honour I'm thy friend; yet thou lookest as sneaking and frightened, as a dog that has been worrying

Pref. ib. sheep.

Bayes. Ay Sir, *The Nation* is in too high a ferment for me to expect any mercy, or I'gad, to trust any body.

Smith. But why this to us, my old friend, who you know never trouble our heads with National-Concerns, till the third bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion?

Bayes. Ah Getlemen, leave this prophane-ness, I am alter'd since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose talk now; Mr. *Johnson*, you are a man of Parts, let me desire you to read *the Guide of Controversy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Considerations*
 Page 5. on the Council of Trent, and so Gentlemen your humble Servant. —

Good life be now my Task.

Johns. Nay Faith, we wont part so: believe us we are both your Friends; let us step to the *Rose* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

Bayes.

The PANTHER Transfers'd. 3

Bayes. I ever took you to be men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

Johns. Well Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this House, and shall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my Part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. *Bayes*, have you lost your pallate? you have been more curious.

Bayes. True, I have so, but *senses* must be starv'd that the soul may be gratified. Men of your Kidney make the *Page 21.* *senses* the *supream Judge*, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the use and pleasure of 'em aside.

Smith. What, is not there good eating and drinking on both sides? you make the separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a fat Rosie-colour'd fellow, take it from me, he is either a Protestant or a Turk. Ibid.

Johns. At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might suspect your Conversion; methinks thou hast as much the face of an Heretick as ever I saw.

Bayes. Such was I, such by nature still I am. But I hope e'er long I shall have drawn *Page 5.* this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the straight gate.

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confessor gives you more severe rules than he practices; for not long ago a *Fat Frier* was thought a true Character. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me: I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings: but since you have put me upon that subject, I'll show you a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's the *King's Health* to thee — Communicate.

Bayes. Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to say, the exactest Piece the world ever saw, a *Non Pareille* I faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your persuasion.

Johns. Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots*.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I gad, and justify our Religion by way of *Fable*.

Johns. An apt contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your Religion?

Bayes. Ay I gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no Man's steps; and to show you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* design, but I gad, have so out done him, you shall be asham'd for your *old Friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse*; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more Life and Spirit in it, I gad, than a *Hobby-horse*; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like *meer Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the World so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach them to *heighten*, and *elevate* a *Fable*. I will bring

bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an *Afs* of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *Beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I launch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

Johns. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice*?

Bayes. Ay, why not? is it not great and Heroical? but come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defy all *Criticks*. Thus it begins.

*A milk-white Mouse immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;
Without, unspotted; innocent within,*

She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Ginn,
Page 1.

Johns. Methinks Mr. *Bayes*, soft Cheese is a little too coarse Diet for an *immortal Mouse*; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for some *Celestial Provision*.

Bayes. Faith Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

Yet had She oft been scar'd by bloody Claws Pag. 1.
Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkin's Paws
Aim'd at her destin'd Head, which made her fly, P. 2.
Tho' She was doom'd to Death, and fated not to die.

Smith. How came She that fear'd no danger in the line before, to be scar'd in this, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being *afraid*; mayn't he?

Johns. But pray give me leave; how was She *doom'd to Death*, if She *was fated not to die*? are not *doom* and *fate*, much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay, Gentlemen, if you question my skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the Word, know best what I meant by it: I assure you, *doom'd* and *fated*, are quite different Things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to be hang'd, whatever you were *fated* to, 'twould give you but small comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, Mr. *Smith*, mind the business in hand.

Not so her young; their Linfy-woolfy line, Pag. 2.
Was Hero's make, half human, half Divine.

Smith.

The PANTHER Transvers'd. 7

Smith. Certainly these *Hero's*, *half Human*, *half Divine*, have very little of the *Mouse* their *Mother*.

Bayes. Gadsokers! Mr. *Johnson*, does your Friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouse*, by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*, and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signify *Priests*, *Martyrs*, and *Confessors*, that were hang'd in *Oates's Plot*. There's an excellent *Latin* Sentence, which I had a mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesie*, and I think I have not wrong'd it in the Translation.

Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood, Pag. 2.
Whose sanguine Seed increas'd the sacred Brood;
She multiply'd by these, now rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own. P. 3.

Smith. Was She alone when the sacred Brood was increased?

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the *Mouse* again; but I hope a *Church* may be alone, tho' the *Members* be increased, mayn't it?

Johns. Certainly Mr. *Bayes*, a *Church* which is a diffusive Body of Men, can much less be said to be alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? Take it from me, Mr. *Johnson*, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Israel*, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. *Bayes*? What could the *Mouse* (for I suppose

pose you mean her now) do more then *range* in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

Bayes. Do? why She *reign'd*? had a *Diadem*, *Scepter*, and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her Sons are so *increas'd*, She may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and so She may before I have done with Her; it has cost me some pains to clear Her Title. Well, but Mum for that, Mr. *Smith*.

The common Hunt, She tim'rously past by, Pag. 3.
For they made tame, *disdain'd* Her company;
They grin'd, She in a fright tript o'er the Green,
For She was *lov'd*, wherever She was seen.

Johns. Well said little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick must have a great deal of leisure, that attacks those Verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant, who e'er he is, ~~offend~~ *solido*; but I go on.

The Independent Beast.—— Page 3.

Smith. Who is that Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why a *Bear*: Pox, is not that obvious enough?

——*In greans Her hate exprest*.

Which I'gad, is very natural to that *Animal*. Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the *Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A *Bull*, for aught I know.

Bayes. A *Bull*! O Lord! A *Bull*! no, no, a *Hare*, a quaking *Hare*.——*Armarillis*, because She wears *Armour*, 'tis the same Figure; and

The PANTHER Transvers'd. 9

I am proud to say it, Mr. *Johnson*, no man knows how to *pun* in *Heroics* but my self, well you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the *quaking Hare*,
Her cruel Foe, because *She would not swear*,
And had *profess'd neutrality*. Pag. 3.

Johns. A shrew'd Reason that, Mr. *Bayes*; but what Wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! why there had been bloody Wars, tho' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you the *Lyon's Peace* was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I had finish'd my Poem.

Next *Her, the Buffoon Ape* his body bent, Pag. 3.
And paid at Church a *Courtier's* compliment.

That gauls somewhere; I'gad I can't leave it off, tho' I were cudgel'd every day for it.

The brist'd Baptist Boar, impure as he. Pag. 4.

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the *Courtier*, let 'em e'en Pag. 86.
take it as they will, I'gad, I seldom come amongst 'em.

Was whiten'd with the scam of Sanctity. Pag. 10.

The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough crest rears,

And pricks up.—Now in one word will I a-

buse the whole party most damnably—and

pricks up. ——— I'gad, I am sure you'll Laugh
 ——— *his Predestinating Ears.* Prethee Mr.
Johnson, remember little *Bayes*, when next you
 see a *Presbyterian*, and take notice if he has
 not *Predestination* in the shape of his *Ear*: I
 have studied Men so long. I'll undertake to
 know an *Arminian*, by the setting of his Wig.
His Predestinating Ears. I'gad, there's ne'er a
Presbyterian shall dare to show his Head with-
 out a Border: I'll put 'em to that expence.

Smith. Pray Mr. *Bayes*, if any of 'em should
 come over to the *Royal Party*, would their
 Ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would
 shed their *Fanatical Lugs*, and have just such well-
 turn'd *Ears* as I have; mind this *Ear*, this is a
 true *Roman Ear*, mine are much chang'd for
 the better within this two Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chance
 to fail, you might lose 'em, *for what may change,*
may fall.

Bayes. Mind, mind ———
These fiery Luingsius, meagre Calvin bred. Pag. 11.

Smith. Those I suppose are some Out-Landish
 Beasts, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Beasts; a good Mistake! Why they
 were the chief *Reformers*, but here I put 'em
 in so bad Company because they were Enemies
 to my *Mouse*, and anon when I am warm'd I'gad,
 you shall hear me call 'em *Doctors*,
 Pag. 39. *Captains, Horses, and Horsemen*, in the
 very same Breath. You shall hear how
 I go on now,

Or

The PANTHER Transvers'd. 11

Or else reforming *Corah* spawn'd *this Class*,
When opening Earth made way for all to pass. P. 11.

Johns. For all, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Yes, They were all lost there, but
some of 'em were thrown up again at the *Leman-Lake*: as a Catholick *Queen* sunk at *Charing-Cross*,
and rose again at *Queenhith*.

The Fox and he came shuffling in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark. Pag. 11.

Here I put a Quare, Whether there were any
Socinians before the *Flood*, which I'm not very
well satisfyed in? I have been lately apt to
believe that the World was drown'd for that
Heresy; which among Friends made me leave it,

Quickned with Fire below, these Monsters breed
In Fenny Holland, and in Fruitful Tweed. P. 12.

Now to write something new and out of the
way, elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch,
you see, this *Quickning Fire* from the Bottom
of *Boggs* and *Rivers*.

Johns. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a
Contrivance as the *Virtuoso's* making a *Burning*
Glass of Ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing?
Let me perish if ever I heard of it. The *Ban-*
cy was sheer new to me; and I thought no
Man had reconcil'd those Elements but myself.
Well, Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed An-
tiquity,

tiquity, and as *Homer* has numbred his Ships, so I have rang'd my Beasts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the rest of 'em all against my poor *Mouse*. Now what do you think I do with all these?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I suppose you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad I'd as soon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have play'd their Parts sufficiently already; I have walk'd 'em out, show'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilst you hope to see 'em bated, and are dreaming of Blood and Battels, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at such expence in setting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad so it had: And then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the first part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that; and then I'gad sink by degrees, till at last I write but little better than other People. And whereas most Authors creep servilely after the Old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers; I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em; but I'gad, I wo'nt.

Johns. Could go on with 'em Mr. *Bayes*! there's no body doubts that; You have a most particular *Genius* that way.

Bayes.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I must needs say, at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*, I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnson*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot*?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the *Coffee-House*.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out something of that Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you please to accept it, Mr. *Johnson*?

Johnson. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Pension to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Business, and here I'll give you a delicate description of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in;

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that supposes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtic Wood*: Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Persecution*, and I'gad, from all these Thoughts I took occasion to rail

at

at the *French King*, and show that he was not of the same make with other Men, which thus I prove.

*The Divine Blacksmith in th' Abyss of Light,
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat, P. 15.
Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.*

But he work'd hard to Hammer out our Souls,
He blew the Bellows, and stir'd up the Coals;
Long time he thought, and could not on a sudden
Knead up with unskim'd Milk this Reas'ning
Pudding: Pag. 19.

Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay
Confessing still the softness of its Clay,
And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day. }

Till *Pride of Empire, Lust,* and hot Desire
Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,
And understanding grown, *misunderstood,*
Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and sour'd his curdled
(Blood.

Johns. But sure this is a little prophane, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Not at all: Does not *Virgil* bring in his *Good Vulcan* working at the *Anvil*?

Johns. Ay. Sir, but never thought his Hands the fittest to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine Him an Earthly dirty *Blacksmith*? 'Gad you make it prophane indeed. I'll tell you, there's as much difference
betwixt

betwixt 'em, I'gad as betwixt my Man and Milton's. But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other Mouse, the *City-Mouse*.

A *spotted* Mouse, the prittiest next the white, P.16.
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty quite,
With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead spread, P.23.
Crozier in Hand, and *Mitre* on her Head. P.22.
Three Steeples Argent on her *sable Shield*. Pag. 84.
Liv'd in the *City*, and disdain'd the *Field*.

Johns. This is a glorious *Mouse* indeed! but as you have dress'd her, we don't know whether she be *Jew*, *Papist*, or *Protestant*.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnson*, for that; you take it right. She is a meer *Babel* of *Religions*, and therefore she's a *spotted Mouse* here, and will be a *Mule* presently. But to go on.

This Princess—

Smith. What *Princess*, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell you, an *Old Lyon* made a *left* Pag. 10.
Hand Marriage with her Mother, and begot on her *Body Elizabeth Schism*, who was married to *Timothy Sacrilege*, and had Issue *Graceless Heresy*. Who all give the same Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as I told you before.

This *Princess*, tho' *estrang'd* from what was *best*,
Was least Deform'd, because *Reform'd* the least. P.23.

There's

There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.

*She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love, P. 22.
Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above,
And grubb'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,
To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.*

There's a Jolly *Mouſe* for you, let me ſee any Body elſe that can ſhew you ſuch another. Here now have I one damnable, ſevere, reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime to it, can you help me, Mr. *Johnſon*?

She——

*Humbly content to be deſpis'd at Home,
Johnſ. Which is too narrow Infamy for ſome.*

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

*Whoſe Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole, P. 63.
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.*

Johnſ. But does not this reflect upon ſome of your Friends, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring myſelf off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, ſheer-Point and Satire all through, I'gad. Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit; that I muſt needs ſay. Now it happen'd before I could finiſh this Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was altered,

tered, and those People were no longer Beasts : Here was a Plunge now : Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my Friends? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this : But what do me, I but write a smooth, delicate Preface, wherein I tell them that *the Satire was not intended to them*, and this did the Business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh ! there's the Trick on't : Poor Fools, they took it, and were satisfy'd : And yet it maul'd 'em damnably, I'gad.

Smith. Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface to Dear Joy's Jest*s.

Bayes. What a Devil do you think that I'd steal from such an Author ? Or ever read it ?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox*.

Bayes. Why there's it now ; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as sound Precepts, in the *delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author could I have found so pretty a Name for a *Wolf* as *Isgrim* ? But prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse*.

One Evening, when she went away from Court,
Levee's and Couchee's past without resort. P. 29.

There's Court Language for you ; nothing gives a Verse so fine a turn as an Air of good Breeding.

Smith. But methinks the *Levee's* and *Couchee's* of a *Mouse* are too great, especially when she is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you, that she was a *Princess*. But pray mind ; here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouse, whose fearful Face
Beheld from far the common watering Place,

Nor durst approach————

P. 29.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this *Mouse* is strangely alter'd, since she fear'd no *Danger*.

Bayes. Godfokers ! Why no more she does not yet, fear either Man, or Beast : But, poor Creature, she's afraid of the Water, for she could not swim, as you see by this.

Nor durst approach, till with an awful Roar
The Sovereign Lyon bad her fear no more. P. 30.

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you she fear'd no *Danger* ; and I'gad if you will have no variation of the Character, you must have the same thing over and over again ; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to strike you still with something new. Well, but to proceed.

But when she had this sweetest Mouse in view,
Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly Hue !

Page 30.

Here

The PANTHER Transvers'd. 19

Here now to show you I am Master of all Stiles,
I let myself down from the *Majesty* of *Virgil*,
to the *Sweetness* of *Ovid*.

Good *Lord*, how she admir'd her *Heavenly Hue*!

What more easy and familiar! I writ this Line
for the *Ladies*: The little Rogues will be so
fond of me to find I can yet be so tender. I
hate such a rough unhewn Fellow as *Milton*,
that a Man must sweat to read Him; I'gad you
may run over this and be almost asleep.

Th' Immortal Mouse, who saw the *Viceroy* come
So far to see Her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *Spotted*
Mouse, the *Viceroy*!

Smith. But pray why d'ye call her so?

Bayes. Why! Because it sounds prettily:

I'll call her the *Crown-General* presently, if
I've a mind to it. Well. Page 55.

———did invite her Home

To smoak a Pipe, and o'er a sober Pot
Discourse of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*.
She made a Court'fy, like a Civil Dame, P. 31.
And, being much a *Gentlewoman*, came.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my first Part Pag. 32.
finish'd, and I think I have kept my
Word with you, and given it the *Majestick turn*
of *Heroick Poesy*. The rest being matter of
Dispute, I had not such frequent occasion for
the magnificence of *Verse*, tho' I'gad they speak
P 2 very

very well. And I have heard *Men*, and *considerable Men* too, talk the very same Things, a great deal worse.

Johns. Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have received no small advantage from the smoothness of your numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: Though you must not think I have been so dull as to mind these Things myself, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-house*, that from their talk one may write a very good *polemical* discourse, without ever troubling one's Head with the Books of *Controversy*. For I can take the slightest of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verses, which shall stare any *London Divine* in the face. Indeed, your knotty Reasonings with a long train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my stile; but I gad, I can flourish better with one of these twinkling Arguments, than the best of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouse*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em e'en speak for themselves, which they will do extremely well, or I'm mistaken: and pray observe, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious *City-Mouse*, and in the other all the plain simplicity of a sober serious Matron.

Dame, said the Lady of the Spotted Muff, P. 32.

Methinks your Tiff is sour, your *Cates* meer stuff.

There, did not I tell you she'd be nice?

Your Pipe's so foul, that I disdain to smoak;

And the Weed worse than e'er *Tom. I---s* took.

Smith.

The PANTHER Transvers'd. 21

Smith. I did not hear she had a *Spotted Muff* before.

Bayes. Why no more she has not now: but she has a Skin that might make a *Spotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now, unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave ([†] *she's earnest you see*) this hoary
Shed and lonely Hills, [†] *Poeta Loquitur.*
And eat with me at *Groleau's*, smoak at *Will's*.
What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-shelf,
When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himself?
Or to the House of cleanly *Renish* go:
Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Channel-Row*?

^{*}
Do you mark me now? I would by this represent the vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at all those good Houses, though perhaps he ne'er was in 'em. But hark! she goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head ourselves we'll treat,
Champain our Liquor, and *Ragousts* our Meat.
Then hand in hand we'll go to Court, dear Cuz,
To visit *Bishop Martin*, and *King Buz*.
With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the Park,
Finish at *Locker's*, and reel home i'th' Dark.
Break clattering Windows, and demolish Doors
Of *English Manufactures*---*Pimps*, and *Whores*.

Page 63.

Johns. Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd sort of a *Manufacture*, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I call 'em so, to give the *Parliament* a hint not to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to the decay of *Trade* at home.

With these Allurements *Spotted* did invite
From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Profelyte*.

Ob! with what ease we follow such a Guide,
Where Souls are starv'd, and Senses gratify'd.

Now would not you think she's going? but
I'gad, your mistaken; you shall hear a long
Argument about *Infallibility*, before she stirs
yet.

But here the *White*, by observation wise, Pag. 96.
Who long on Heaven had fixt her prying Eyes,
With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark,
Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark.

Left therefore we should stray, and not go right,
Through the brown horror of the starless Night.
Hast thou *Infallibility*, that *Wight*? Pag. 37. }

Sternly the Savage grin'd, and thus reply'd:

That Mice may err, was never yet deny'd.

That I deny, said the immortal dame,

There is a Guide--'Gad I've forgot his Name, P. 37.

Who lives in *Heaven* or *Rome*, the Lord knows where,
Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err.

But hark you, Sister, this is but a Whim; *Spotted*
For still we want a *Guide* to find out Him. *Moufe,*
Loquitur.

Here

Here you see I don't trouble myself to keep on the Narration, but write *white Speaks*, or *dapple Speaks* by the side. But when I get any noble thought which I envy a *Mouse* should say, I clap it down in my own Person with a *Poeta Loquitur*; which, take Page 69. notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing in my Writings, than a Hand in the Margin any where else. Well, now says *White*,

What need we find Him? we have certain proof That he is some where, *Dame*, and that's enough: For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way, Although we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I gad: Well said *White*. You see her Adversary has nothing to say for herself, and therefore to confirm the Victory, she shall make a *Simile*.

Smith. Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surprize.

Bayes. Every Jot, I gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two ways, either about *Emission*, or *Reception* of Page 37. Light, or else about *Epsom-waters*, but I think the last is most familiar; therefore speak my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,
If *Waters* pass by *Urine* or by *Stool*,
Shall we who are *Philosophers*, thence gather
From this dissention that they work by neither.

And

And I'gad, she's in the right on't; but mind now, she comes upon her swop!

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I'gad, if they had been never so good, this next Line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide am I.*
Page 54.

There's a Surprize for you now! How sneak-ingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a *Guide* first, and then tell her she was one? Who could have thought that this little *Mouse* had the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly? Now Dapple had nothing to say to this; and therefore you'll see she grows peevish.

Come leave your Cracking tricks, and as they say, Use not, that Barber that trims time, delay; P. 101.

Which I'gad is new, and my own.

I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.

Then on they jogg'd, *and since an hour of talk*
Might cut a Banter *on the tedious walk*;

As I remember said the sober Mouse,

I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-House*.

Thither, says *Brindle*, thou shalt go, and see

Priests sipping Coffee, Sparks and Poets Tea;

Here rugged Freeze, there Quality well drest,

These baffling the *Grand-Seignior*; those the *Test*.

And

And here shrew'd guesses made, and reasons given
That human Laws were never made in Heaven. P. 111
But above all, what shall oblige thy fight,
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vast delight;
Is the *Poetic Judge* of sacred *Wit*,
Who do's i' th' *Darkness of his Glory sit*.

And as the Moon who first receives the light, P. 28.
With which she makes these nether Regions bright;
So does he shine, reflecting from afar,

The Rayes he borrow'd from a better Star:

For rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,
Admir'd by all the scribbling Herd below.

From *French Tradition* while he does dispence,
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism, a damn'd offence,
To question his, or trust your private sense. }

Hah! is not that right, Mr. *Johnson*? I gad,
forgive me, he is fast asleep! O the damn'd
stupidity of this Age! asleep! Well, Sir, since
you're so drowsy, your humble Servant.

Johns. Nay, Pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard
you all the while. *The white Mouse.*

Bayes. The white *Mouse*! ay, ay, I thought
how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your
Servant.

Johns. Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy
Pardon, I was up late last Night, Prithee lend
me a little Snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on! Pox I don't know where I
was, well I'll begin here; mind, now they are
both come to Town.

But

But now at *Peccadille* they arrive,
 And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive;
 But at *St. Clement's-Church*, eat out the Back;
 And slipping thro' the *Palsgrave*, bilkt poor *Hack*.

There's the *Utile*, which ought to be in all
 Poetry, many a *young Templer* will save his
 Shilling by this *Srratagem* of my *Mice*.

Smith. Why, will any *young Templer* eat out
 the back of a Coach?

Bayes. No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is migh-
 ty natural for a *Mouse*.

Thence to the *Devil*, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,
 Of *Clergy kind*, or Councillor *Chough* was there;
 Or *Mr. Dove*, a *Pigeon* of Renown, Page 133.
By his high crop, and corny Gizzard known, P. 126.
 Or *Sister Partlet*, with the *Hooded bead*; P. 130.
 No, Sir, She's *hooted hence*, said *Will*, and fled.
 Why so? *Because she would not pray a-Bed*.

Johns. aside. 'Sdeath! who can keep awake
 at such stuff? Pray, *Mr. Bayes*, lend me your
 Box again.

Bayes. *Mr. Johnson*, how d'ye like that Box?
 Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a
Person of Honour for looking over a Paper of
 Verses; and indeed I put in all the lines that
 were worth any thing in the whole Poem. Well,
 but where were we? Oh! here they are, just
 going up stairs into the *Apollo*; from whence

my

my White takes occasion to talk very well of
Tradition.

Thus to the place where *Johnson* sat we climb,
Leaning on the same Rail that guided him;
And whilst we thus on equal helps rely,
Our Wit must be as true, our thoughts as high.
For as an *Author* happily compares Page 45.
Tradition to a well-fixt pair of *Stairs*,
So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.
Thus every step I take, my Spirits soar,
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and more.

There's humour! Is not that the liveliest Image
in the World of a *Mouſes* going up a pair of
Stairs. More a Wit, and more, and more?

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily, I must be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this time, and I see you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Godfokers! sure you won't serve me so: All my finest Descriptions and best Discourse is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an Extraordinary concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you shall take a little more; and here I'll pass over two dainty *Episodes* of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

Johns. I know not why they should come in, except to make yours the longest *Fable* that ever was told.

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, the excellence of a *Fable* is in the length of it. *Æsop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, short, simple Stories, with a dry moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble design. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are satisfy'd with Beasts in the first course, serve you up a delicate Dish of Fowl for the second; now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular Person; for I'gad, I'll tell you what a trick he serv'd me. I was once Translating a *Varillas*. very good *French Author*, but being something long about it; as you know a Man is not always in the Humour; what does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Answer to my Friend before I had half finished the Translation: So there was three whole Months lost upon his Account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let Page 137. all the World know, that he is a tall, broad-back'd, lusty Fellow, of a brown Complexion, fair Behaviour, a Fluent Tongue, and taking amongst the Women; and to top it all, that he's much a Scholar, more a Wit, and owns but two Sacraments. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself? But besides, I have so nickt his Character in a Name as will make you split. I call him—I'gad, I won't tell you unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why, that he was much a Scholar, and more a Wit.

Bayes. Right; and his Name is *Buzzard*, ha! ha! ha.

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir. *Bayes.*

The PANTHER Transvers'd. 29

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in 'it yet than perhaps you imagin; for his true Name begins with a *B*, which makes me slyly contrive him this, to begin with the same Letter: There's a pretty device, Mr. *Johnson*; I learn'd it, I must needs confess, from that ingenious sport, I love my Love with an *A*, because she's *Amiable*; and if you could but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you should see how little *Bayes* would top 'em all at it, I gad.

Smith. Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I must leave you, I am half an hour past my time.

Bayes Well. I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night, and a Bird's-Nest; and here's three hundred more, Translated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which the *Spotted Mouse* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czar* of *Muscovy*, and the *Emperor*, which is a piece of News, *White* does not believe, and this is her Answer. I am resolv'd you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne'er had had any *Bibles* at all.

E'er that *Gazette* was printed, said the *White*, P. 50.
Our Robin told another Story quite;
This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd,
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,
And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no.

Words, I confess *bound by, and trip so light*, P. 3.
We have not time to take a steady sight;
 Yet fleeting thus, are plainer than when Writ,
 To long Examination they submit.

Hard things—Mr. *Smith*, if these two lines
 don't recompence your stay, ne'er trust *John*
Bayes again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear and full,
God mends on second thoughts, but Man grows dull.
 Page 15.

I'gad, I judge of all Men by myself, 'tis so
 with me, I never strove to be very exact in any
 thing but I spoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true,
 is it not a little too severe?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these general
 reflections are daring, and favour most of a noble
Genius, that spares neither *Friend* nor *Foe*.

Johns. Are you never afraid of a drubbing
 for that *daring* of your noble *Genius*?

Bayes. Afraid! Why *Lord* you make so
 much of a beating, I'gad, 'tis no more to me
 than a Flea-biting. No, no, if I can but be
 witty upon 'em, let 'em e'en lay on, I'faith, I'll
 ne'er baulk my fancy to save my Carcass. Well,
 but we must dispatch, Mr. *Smith*.

Thus did they merrily carouse all Day,
And, like the gaudy fly, their Wings display;
And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apollo's ray. }

Well,

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment;
and Mr. *Smith*, if your affairs would have per-
mitted, you would have heard the best *Bill of*
Fare that ever was serv'd up in *Heroicks*: But
here follows a dispute shall recommend itself,
I'll say nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you
must know was a *Protestant*, all this while,
trusts her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes
the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does so
run her down, that she has not one word to
say for herself, but what I put in her Mouth;
and I'gad, you may imagin they won't be very
good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an
Ingrate.

Sirrah, says *Brindle*, Thou hast brought us Wine,
Sour to my Taste, and to my Eyes unsine.

Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it; ah! says *White*,
What is approv'd by them, must needs be right.

'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House P. 38.
Commend it, I submit, a private *Mouse*.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and Deference,
which our *Mouse* pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholic* consent oppose
My erring Judgment, and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick'd her, that's up
to the Hilt, I'gad, and you shall see *Dapple*
resents it.

Why, what a Devil, shan't I trust my Eyes?
 Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascal* lyes?
 And *palms* upon us *Catholic* consent,
 To give *sophisticated Brewings* vent.
 Says *White*, what ancient Evidence can sway, P. 5.
 If you must Argue thus, and not obey?
Drawers must be trusted, through whose hands
 (convey'd,
 You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the *Trade*.
 For sure those *Honest Fellows* have no knack,
 Of putting off *stam'd Claret* for *Pontac*.
 How long, alas! would the poor *Vintner* last,
 If all that drink must judge, and every *Guest*
 Be allowed to have an understanding *Taste*?
Thus she: Nor could the *Panther* well intarge,
 With weak defence, against so strong a Charge.

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's
 spotted, which is such a blot to the *Refor-*
mation, as I warrant 'em they will never claw
 off, I gad.

But with a *weary Yawn* that shew'd her pride,
 Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she ly'd.
White saw her *canker'd Malice* at that word,
 And said her *Pray'rs*, and drew her *Delphic Sword*.
 T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage* restrain'd:
And thus her passive Character maintain'd,
 But now alas! —————

Mr. *Johnson*, pray mind me this; Mr. *Smith*,
I'll ask you to stay no longer, for this that
follows is so engaging; hear me but two Lines,
I'gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas! I grieve, I grieve to tell
What sad mischance these pretty things befall.
These Birds of Beasts————

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*:
'Tis the greatest Affront that you can put upon
any *Bird*, to call it, *Beast of a Bird*: And a
Beast is so fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you
can't imagin. Page 129.

These Birds of Beasts, these learned Reas'ning
Were separated banish'd in a thrice. (*Mice*)
Who would be learned for their sakes, who wife?

Ay, who indeed? there's a *Pathos*, I'gad,
Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing
will, I can assure you; But here's the sad thing
I was afraid of.

The *Constable* alarmed by this noise,
Enter'd the Room, directed by the voice,
And speaking to the *Watch with head aside*, P. 133.
Said, desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd.
These Gentlemen, for so their Fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once *the But and Peace*. P. 115.

When

When each have separate Interests of their own, P. 144
Two Mice are one too many for a Town.

By Schism they are torn; and therefore, Brother,
Look you to one, and I'll secure the t'other.

Now whither Dapple did to Bridewell go,
Or in the Stocks all Night her Fingers blow,
 Page 98.

Or in the Compter lay, concerns not us to know.

But the immortal Matron, spotless White,
Forgetting Dapple's Rudeness, Malice, Spight,
Look'd kindly back, and wept, and said Good
 (Night.

Ten thousand Watchmen waited on this Mouse,
 Page 145.
With Bills, and Halberds, to her Country-House.

This last Contrivance I had from a judicious
 Author, that makes *Ten thousand Angels* wait
 upon his *Hind*, and she asleep too, I gad.

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to pay?

Bayes. What a Pox, are you in such haste?
 You han't told me how you like it.

Johns. O! extreamly well. Here Drawer.

F I N I S.



T H E CONTENTS.

THE *Turtle and the Sparrow*, Page 1
Down-Hall; *A Ballad. To the Tune of*
King John, and the Abbot of Canterbury, 27

Some Pieces, Written by Mr. Prior, Omitted in
the Folio Edition of his Poems, and Others,
by Him since published, viz.

An Epistle to Fleetwood Sheppard, Esq; Writ-
ten Anno. 1689, 41

An ODE in Imitation of the Second Ode of the
Third Book of Horace, 1692. 45

Verses spoke to the Lady Henrietta Cavendish
Holles Harley, in the Library of St. John's
College, Cambridge, Nov. 9, 1719. 62

Prologue to the Orphan. Represented by some
of the Westminster Scholars at Hickford's
Dancing-Room, the 2d, of February, 1720.
Spoken by the Lord Duplin, who Acted
Cordelio, 64

The

The Contents.

<i>The Conversation. A Tale,</i>	66
<i>Colin's Mistakes, Written in Imitation of Spenser's Style,</i>	71
<i>To the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of Devonshire, on a Piece of Wiffin's; wherein were all her Grandsons Painted,</i>	78
<i>The Female Phaeton,</i>	82
<i>The Judgment of Venus,</i>	85
S O N G,	89
<i>The Curious MAID. A Tale. In Imitation of Mr. Prior. By Hildebrand Jacob, Esq;</i>	90
<i>The BUBBLE. A Tale. By Dean Swift,</i>	94
<i>The Nightingale, Imitated from Strada, By Mr. Pattison,</i>	109
<i>The Court of Venus, from Claudian. By the Same,</i>	116
<i>The Story of Orpheus and Eurydice. Translated from Virgil's Fourth Book of the Georgics. By the Same.</i>	124

APPENDIX.

*Mr. DRYDEN's HIND and PANTHER
Transvers'd to the Story of the Country-Mouse,
and the City-Mouse. Written jointly between
Mr. Prior, and Mr. Montague, late Earl of
Halifax.*

